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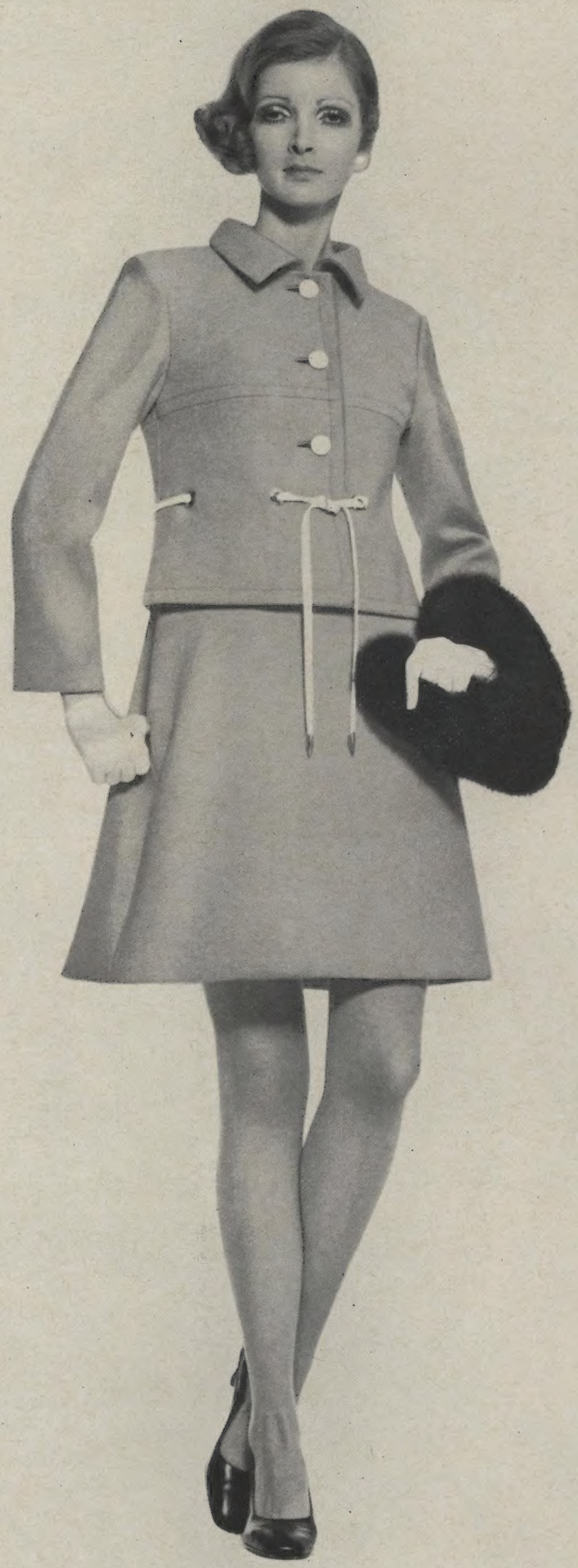


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FEBRUARY 15, 1969

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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PENN

COVER: This is it—the printed cotton coat, the one you'll love to wear all spring, in the rain, in the sun, anytime—a sparkling garden of navy and white on a fitted, wide-hemmed coat with chalk-white buttons and a little stand-up collar. By Aquanala, of Boussac cotton. About $70. At Altman's; Charles Sumner; Hutzler's; Joseph Horne. . . . This is it—the makeup you'll love to wear for spring: a cheeky gleam of new Lustre Gloss blusher stick, here in Peach Blush, and Peach Brandy Crystal Glazer lipstick. Both by Frances Denney. The coiffure by Kenneth.

FASHION

63 Vogue's eye view: The look that comes up swinging
64 The New Spring Clothes You'll Love to Wear: Pants turnouts for day and evening. The cutaway suède coat. Belted coats in bright tweed, pale plaid. Touches of white on brown, on black. Shirtdresses, knits, and the smashing variety of day looks.
72 Vogue Patterns—the belted velvet tunic and pants
76 Shoes and stockings—the new emphatics for feet and legs
84 More Clothes You'll Love to Wear this Spring: Evenings—short, white lace; new pants looks; the long, covering dress. The white crêpe shirtdress. Navy-and-white news in suits, topcoats; the cape-and-jumpsuit turnout.
108 Hit Knits—the never-out-of-season fashion
118 FantasTree in Kashmir—Penelope Tree in new lingerie and at-home clothes
122 Ready-to-wear news from Denmark and Spain worn by Martha Laycock
126 Where the fashion action is for day in dresses, jumpers, shirts, pants
142 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, and Observations

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

94 People Are Talking About . . . The Joshua Light Show
98 Rehabilitation: New Lives for the Stricken and Disabled. By Dr. Howard A. Rusk
100 Liz Taylor and Richard Burton. By Ann Birstein
132 Decisive Art Collection of the Burton G. Tremaines. By Gene Baro
151 In Private Service. By Henry John Andrews

BEAUTY

10 Vogue's Ready Beauty
40 Beauty Checkout
102 Beauty Bulletin: The Skin Around You—It Can Be Young at Any Age
106 Beauty Bulletin: Two Young Naturals: Ro Anne Nesbitt and Carol La Brié

DEPARTMENTS

48 Vogue's Notebook: Salute to Cecil Beaton in London
50 Vogue's Notebook: United Nations Party in New York
52 Vogue's Notebook: Field Museum Anniversary in Chicago
54 Vogue's Spotlight: Theatre. By Anthony West
54 Vogue's Spotlight: Art. By Barbara Rose
56 Vogue's Spotlight: Travel. By Penelope Tree
58 Vogue's Spotlight: Money. By Henry C. Wallich
58 Vogue's Spotlight: Books. By Anthony West
61 Men in Vogue . . . Notes, Quotes, and Votes
153 Vogue's School and Camp Directory

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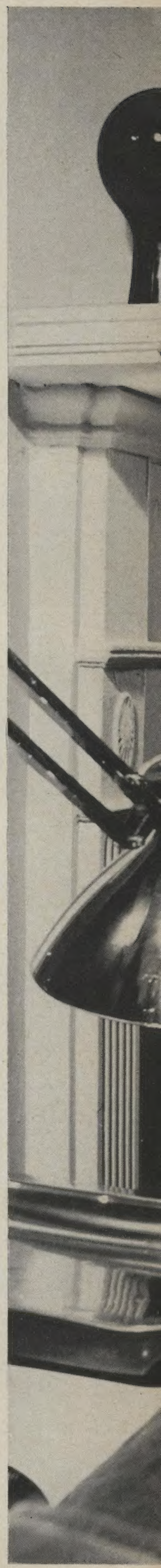


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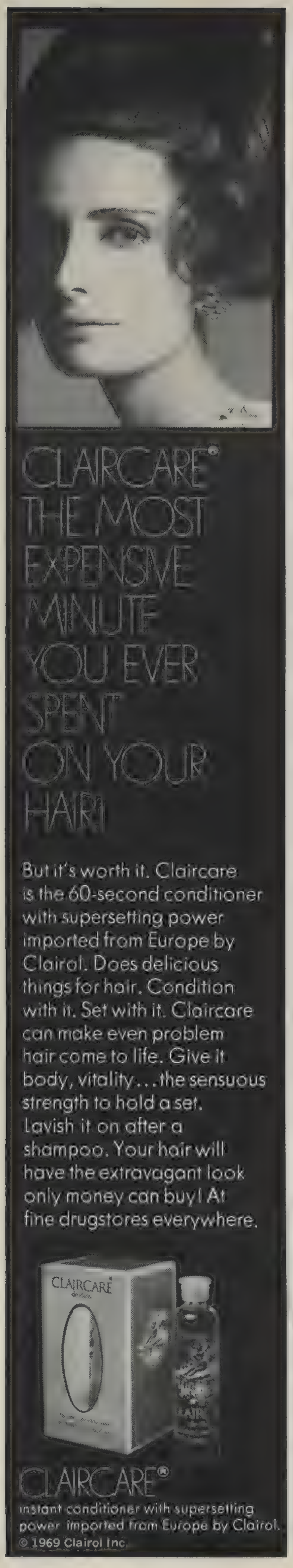
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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Something for the wet set

. . . by whom we mean those water babies who don't just jump in, wash up, get out, but who make of a bath or shower a luxurious splash, who want to emerge like Venus from the sea, feeling like a new creature. Bonne Bell knows what they have in mind, also knows a thing or two about what makes skin feel good (having long been the mainstay of many a glowing complexion). A friend in deed, B. B. has produced a triple threat bath gel called Super Shower 2000 that seems to do something for everyone—a few drops in the tub whoosh up a ream of bubbles, or, used as a shampoo, conjure up some of the squeaky-cleanest locks around. Shower buffs, who sometimes play the neglected stepsister in the water world, can revel in the froth, too. A dab on a washcloth makes a foam of silken lather bound to restore that old zing. More shower power, you might say. . . .

Love is just around the corner . . .

It's on its blissful way for eyes, faces, every adorable inch of you to give them that well-loved feeling. The heart of the matter: a whole new collection of coquetry called, very properly, Love Cosmetics—dreamed up by the people at Menley & James with more than just a little loving in mind. Running the gamut from a lemon cleanser through moisturizer to the works in makeup, the into-orbit packaging bears names like *Love's A Little Cover* (translucent foundation for under-par days, super-pow nights) and *Love's A Little Color* (liquid toner and blusher so sheer he can tell if you're really blushing). Flashes messages like: "Love your face, love . . ." and "Love you all over in *Eau de Love*, love." This last, a cologne of a fresh and sexy persuasion. More of these adorations for face and eyes flirt with the Pensive Beauty on page 105. Love is for everyone . . . after March 1 at your drugstore.

Undercover agent

Fine, just fine, to wear makeup so sheer that you look as innocent of artifice as a bare-faced novice. But what if the face involved has a few more colour aberrations than a pre-adolescent angel? Until now, subterfuge to hide these has been hard to come by. But Revlon, whose first Ultima II Creme Concealer attended to the tricky under-eye area, is taking in more territory. Their new Ultima II Spot Cover lives up to its name, carries on with a covering cream that camouflages such blemishes as birthmarks, freckles, blotches. A small dab goes over the spot, makeup goes on over that. Comes in 12 shades, each one matching an Ultima II foundation. And, out, out, go the damned spots.

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Q. Isn't leg-watching a rather unusual hobby? **A.** *Hobby? I'd hardly call it a hobby. It's not like*



building ships in bottles, you know. And it's not unusual. There are a lot more men watching legs than watching basketball games. **Q.** What accounts for its popularity? **A.** *I suppose it's because leg-watching appeals to all ages. Junior high school right through to senility. My father runs a chapter at the Golden Age community.* **Q.** You mean Leg-



men are organized? **A.** *Not formally. It's a loose-knit organization. We get together during lunch hours at windy corners. At the foot of the library steps. Places like that. But there are no secret handshakes or any of that nonsense.* **Q.** Lately, I see more Legmen. It's becoming more popular, isn't it? **A.** *Definitely. And the reason is color. Legs used to be like sculpture. Nice form but drab color. Today, they're like painting. Women can create mood with shades of color. Bright colors when they're feeling bouncy and vibrant. Soft colors when they're being seductive. Faces today have a kind of sameness. Bland and even a little bored. But legs. That's where today's women talk about themselves.* **Q.** What are some of the disturbing things happening today with women's legs? **A.** *Wrinkles. Stockings that sag around the knees and ankles. Instead of a beautiful contour enhanced with color, you've suddenly got a naked leg in a baggy wrapper. The Boston Legmen are so worried about wrinkles that they've made it the topic of their spring convention. I've been invited to give a paper.* **Q.** Really. Do you give many papers on leg-watching? **A.** *Not many. I gave one a few years ago on support stockings. For a while they were driving Legmen off the streets.* **Q.** You're against support stockings? **A.** *Oh no. They're essential if the modern woman is going to keep her bounce. Tired legs don't communicate. But some support stockings look like surgical dressings. They can ruin a lunch hour. What I was insisting on were support stockings that didn't look like support stockings. Keep the legs vibrant and still keep them talking. It's a subtle point. But Legmen appreciate subtlety.* **Q.** Frankly, isn't there something, well, seamy about watching women's legs? **A.** *Quite the contrary. It's an ennobling experience. Take a man standing before a great painting. What's he looking at? Canvas and paint. Dead things. But legs are dynamic. They're running, walking, dancing. Full of vitality and youth. An endless parade of beauty marching all around us. Frankly, I worry about men who don't even notice it.* **Q.** What gives women's legs their attractiveness? Makes them so appealing to men? **A.** *You know something. I'm starting to get a little worried about you.*



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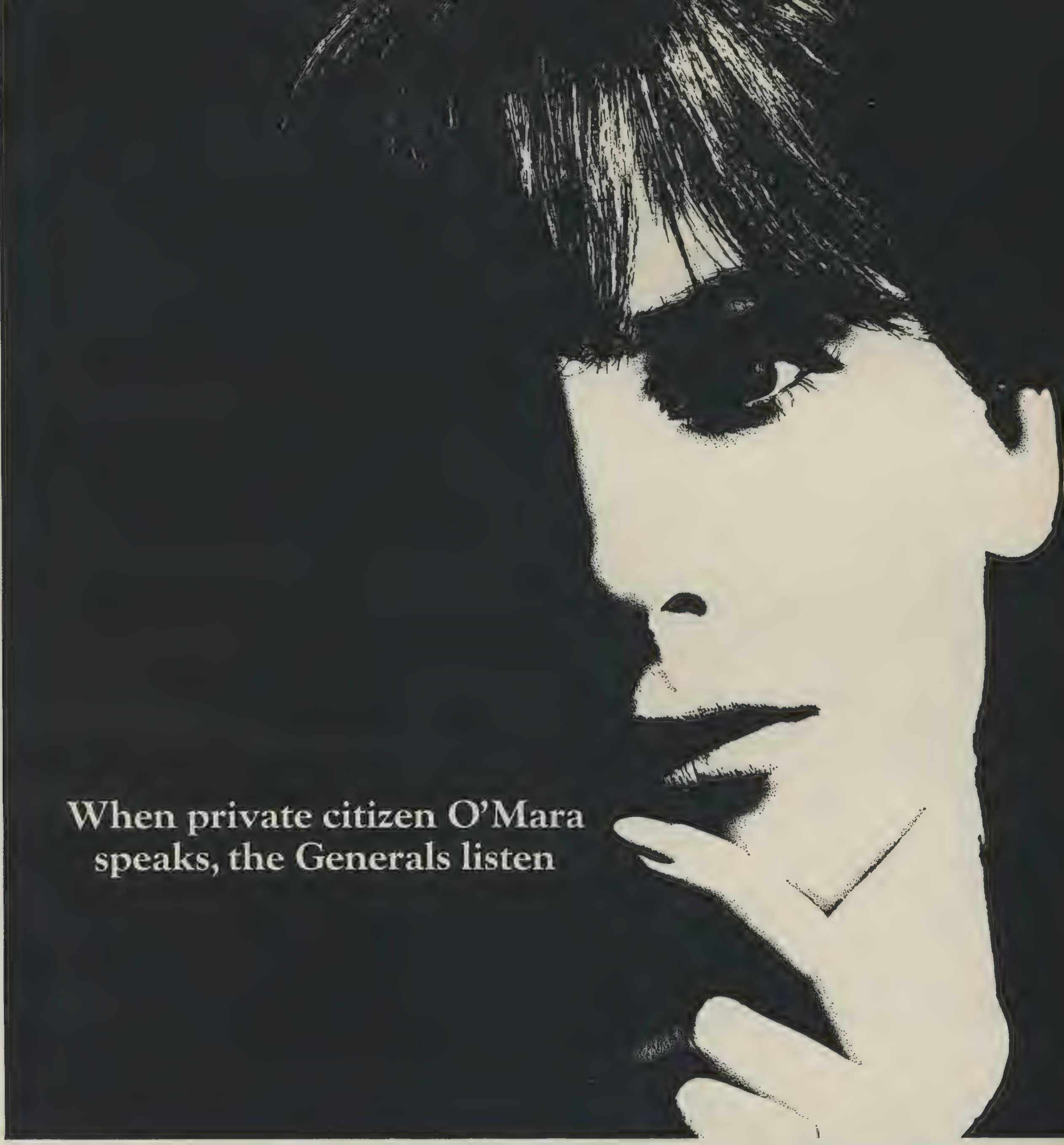
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The trouble is, who sets the standards? Not Mrs. O'Mara. She may be a wizard with a bowl of batter but she hasn't a test tube to her name. So, the critics suggest, let the government do her shopping for her.

That's sympathetic of them but Mrs. O'Mara's very favorite cake is a plum-nut mix—and that's apt to be the first to go when they start cutting back on choice. We hope yours is chocolate or vanilla because they stand a pretty good chance of surviving.

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Clothes shown are available at the Federated Stores mentioned on the next twelve pages.


MATTI LYNNE
AND THE AMERICAN
WAY OF LIFE
IN BANDURA™
FASHIONS
Visibility is clear ahead
for dashing and boldly patterned Bandura™
mini-dress and flowing pants,
which come out of the suitcase
as crisp as they went in.
Bloomingdale's
NEW YORK CITY



WILROY
AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BAN-LON® PRINTS

The romantic look aloft...
shapely tunic in a swirly Ban-Lon® print,
pink and blue wide-legged pants.
For the high-spirited American woman
who considers effortless travel
via Astrojet one of the principal pleasures
of the American way of life.

Filene's
BOSTON



GINORI
AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BAN-LON® LACE

Prepare for a princely take-off
in a handsome Ban-Lon® lace rajah outfit—
a stunning example
of the carefree mobility and
glamour of the American way of life.

BURDINE'S
MIAMI



ELIZABETH STEWART
AND THE
AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BANDURA™ BEACHWEAR

American Airlines
flies to convenient watering-holes
all over the United States.
Be ready in a bright
white, quick-drying,
crease-proof
Bandura™ swimsuit,
beguilingly tiered.

BULLOCK'S
WILSHIRE
LOS ANGELES · PALM SPRINGS

DAVID CRYSTAL
AND THE
AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BAN-LON® PRINTS

A woman for all seasons
waiting to board an Astrojet
in her pastel-printed Ban-Lon®
dress for all occasions.

Lazarus
ESTABLISHED 1851
COLUMBUS



LEO NARDUCCI
AND THE
AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BANDURA™ FASHIONS

The power of the plane
and the power of the print,
as fashioned into a soft little Bandura™ dress
with billowing sleeves
and a skirt for action.

shillito's
CINCINNATI



ADRI
AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN A BANDURA™ SHIRTDRESS

For stunning departures,
the high-waisted flattery of a grey Bandura™ shirtdress,
iced with white around the wrists,
waist and plunging neckline.
Even the snappy American Airlines hostess stares.

Goldsmiths
MEMPHIS' GREATEST STORE
MEMPHIS



ANNE FOGARTY
AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BAN-LON® FASHIONS

The American woman at her best—the calm, chic traveller,
here in her white crêpe Ban-Lon® dress
with slashed neckline and draped waist.

Sanger-Harris
DALLAS



MR. DINO
AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN A BAN-LON® JUMPSUIT

Airports are fun places,
so create a sensation among the other
American Airlines passengers by wearing a Ban-Lon®
jumpsuit in an oriental print
with wide, wide legs.

Levy's
Tucson


• ASTROJET
GAYLE KIRKPATRICK
AND THE
AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BANDURA™ FASHIONS
The Bandura™ shirtdress,
with a wrap-around,
knotted belt,
which travels the whole country
from snow to sunshine.
ABRAHAM & STRAUS
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

ANIKA
AND THE
AMERICAN
WAY OF LIFE
IN BAN-LON® PRINTS

The pet of the jet-set,
the little Ban-Lon® dress which checks
in at any American
Airlines ticket counter.
Here, in a bold paisley print,
fitted above the waist,
flipping out below.

Rike's

SUZY PERETTE
AND THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE
IN BAN-LON® FASHIONS

Victor Costa's belted interpretation
of the skirt with flare,
mauve and pink Ban-Lon® dress
for the confident American woman on the move.

Bullock's
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

It all comes clear in the morning

That's the promise. The promise of see-able radiance. A promise apparently fulfilled so handsomely by the remarkable new Clinique skin beauty system that, in the few months it's been around, many an ordinarily cool-headed woman has become irretrievably and noisily hooked on it. Now we know how this dermatologically-advanced program clarifies faces. But before we saw Clinique's latest extension of its noble work, and Overnight Difference Kit, *we* needed clarification. How could such a totally personalized skin routine be wrapped up in one package to suit all skins? What happened to the little "computer" that told the sage behind the Clinique counter which of four brands of skin we wore? And enabled her to tell us how much and how often we should use which Clinique recipe? We found out what happened. They're all still there watching the store. But the same genii who worked out the system in the first place have devised a way to distill the essence of the consultant and the computer and put them, along with a "fits all sizes" Clinique introductory course, in a box. You analyze yourself, ask yourself eight questions (sample: Do you Always Burn, Burn Then Tan, Tan, Tan Easily; do you break out Never, Rarely, Occasionally, Frequently; are your surface facial lines Many, Several, Few, Very Few). And there you have it, your very own prescription. Plus the makings. Clarifying lotions; cleansing cream; Extremely Gentle Eye Makeup Remover; a moisturizing lotion entitled quite properly "Dramatically Different" (in its wake it leaves no grease); a never-before gel rouge; a bath modifier. All allergy-tested and fragrance-free . . . and all especially yours. Three minutes in the morning, three at night—and your skin has met its match. And should light up the better for it. Saks Fifth Avenue.

The Finnish Line

Could be taken as a string of beauties with a thoroughly clean top-to-toe approach. Started in the Land of the Midnight Sun and logging in here at a fast clip is some heady stuff for non-Finns. First off, a Sauna shampoo with all the promise of glorious squeaky cleanliness, followed by a hair conditioner that brings any modest locks closer to the fabled shining, silken sort. Third in this vital, back-to-nature team is a bubbly bath lotion to make you dream of apple cheeks and crisp Northern air long after it has soothed its way into your skin. For people who can't go to the snow country this tingling trio homes in from Indal of Helsinki under the Finnish Sauna label, fetchingly cartoned in a fake-y birch log, all blue and fresh and white . . . like Finland.

Picking up the scent

. . . or why is that lady smiling? Might well be that she's on the trail of some new variations on her favourite perfume theme. If she's one of the happy band of Caron partisans, she wouldn't be caught picking up the mail without a spray or so of Fleurs de Rocaille, or Bellodgia, or Nuit de Noël. What's new about *that* is that now the lady in question can take her perfume pleasure via Crème Spray or Spray Powder Mist—the former, a soufflé of foam, and the latter, a cool waft of dusting powder. Used after bath, or anytime for that matter, Crème Spray and Spray Powder Mist make for silky as well as aromatic skin. Both fragranced by one of Caron's classic trio of scents. Vive Caron. (More Ready Beauty, page 44)



Gossard-Artemis Body Fashions are available at these fine stores:

Connecticut

Hartford....Sage-Allen
Manchester....Burton's
Manchester....House & Hale
Waterbury....Miller & Peck
Waterbury....Worth's
Connecticut....D & L Stores

Maine

Portland.Porteous, Mitchell & Braun
Augusta....D. W. Adams
Bangor....Freese's
Houlton....Edythe's
Lewiston....Ward's
Presque Isle....Wilkin's
Waterville....Butler's

Massachusetts

Boston...Jordan Marsh—all branches
Boston....Wm. Filene's—all stores
Andover....The Dame Shop
Brockton....Edgar's
Fall River....Edgar's
Fitchburg....Baylins
Lawrence....Sutherland's
Lynn....T. W. Rogers
Northampton....Laura Girard Shop
Salem....Almy's
Springfield....Forbes & Wallace
Springfield....Steigers
Springfield....The Peerless Co.
Waltham....Grover Cronin
Worcester....Denholm & McKay
Worcester....Wm. Filene's

New Hampshire

Manchester....James W. Hill Co.
Manchester....Leavitts
Nashua....Millers
Portsmouth....Kimballs

New Jersey

Newark....Bamberger's
Elizabeth....Goerke's
Ellisburg....The Country Way
Moorestown....C. A. Rowell
New Providence....Ruth-Lois
Pennsville....The Country Way
Phillipsboro....Orr's Dept. Stores
Plainfield....Goerke's
Somerville....Reynolds
Toms River....Reynolds
Trenton....Sy-Lene

New York

New York....Stern Bros.—all stores
Albany....Flahs
Auburn....Kalet's
Binghamton..Fowler Dick & Walker
Canton....Smith's
Corning....Rockwells
Elmira....Rosenbaum's
Glens Falls....Erlangers Fashions
Glens Falls....Fashion Shop
Ithaca....Rothschild's
Massena....Boston Store
Oswego....Shapiro's
Poughkeepsie....Luckey Platt
Rochester....McCurdy's
Syracuse....C. E. Chappell
Syracuse....Dey Bros.
Troy....The Peerless Co.
Watertown....F. A. Empsall

Rhode Island

Providence....Gladding's—all stores
Providence...Shepard Co.—all stores
Providence....The Peerless Co.
Pawtucket....The Peerless Co.

Vermont

Barre....Homer Fitts Co.
Bennington....E. L. Nichols Co.
Brattleboro....J. E. Mann Co.
Burlington....Abernethy's
Rutland....Economy Store



GOSSARD-ARTEMIS KEEPS AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

Pure shape. Nothing to frustrate your need for uncluttered fashion. Soft smooth nylon tricot with a touch of ruffle for a hemline. Body slip 8017 in green mint, pale ivory, petal pink, jonquil, star blue or white. About $6. A whisper of a price for such an elegant imported look. From a group of naturally beautiful Body Fashions, bikini to pettislip-pants. About $2.50 to $6. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606.

wayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU



Sure, you can color your hair in the bathroom sink. With a product from the supermarket or drugstore.

The truth is that you can't be absolutely certain of the results. And results are the only things that matter.

Helene Curtis ColorEssence is available only through salons. Because that's the only way we can be sure our product is in professional hands. For professional results.

Haircoloring you do yourself just can't be the same. We don't have to compromise on any of the essentials that make haircolor last and stay beautiful. Our reds stay warm. Our drabs stay drab. And every color stays beautiful longer.

Besides, we don't feel that a stock boy or checkout girl can be much help in guiding you to the right choice of color. The only sure way of not looking like an amateur blond is to have our professional haircolor applied by a professional. Do it. Or rather, have it done.

ColorEssence® by Helene Curtis

the professional's haircolor
available only through fine salons



With the sculptor's feeling for form, space and material, Harry Bertoia developed a wire mesh frame, solid yet lightweight. Then he turned the frame into a comfortable seating basket. Shaped to the human body. "When you look at these chairs, you will see that they are mainly made of air, just like a sculpture. The room penetrates through them."—Bertoia. You can take a fresh look at the Bertoia chairs in the showrooms of Knoll International, in twenty-six countries. Or write for our illustrated brochure. Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Abercrombie & Fitch; J. L. Hudson; Halle's; C. Crawford Hollidge



For the Good Life by David Smith

The middy skimmer never looked prettier, in red/white/navy 100% Trevira® knit by Atlee. 8 to 16. $43.

DS by David Smith

David H. Smith Inc., 1407 B'way, N.Y.

BEAUTY CHECKOUT

February 15

Abroad at home

One of the unsettling aspects of Abroad is that women's skins are fresher, smoother, more *appétissant* (toothsome to us). In brief, it is harder, in Europe, to tape down a woman's age by looking at her face than it is here, and anyone who wants to explore that situation should know about Kitty Wagner, standard-bearer of Europe in Detroit, presider over the Kitty Wagner Facial Salon, whereto such dazzlers as Cristina Ford regularly repair. Mrs. Wagner is Hungarian, which is a head start even in Europe, and has skin like a hothouse apricot. She was trained during four years at Budapest's Royal Academy of Beauty, so her basic knowledge of the skin is formidable. Her salon is functional, deeply relaxing, and—above all—serious. The treatment, which lasts two hours, varies with each client, and individual textures and tensions are carefully subjected to a personal and exquisite barrage of cleansing, massage, masques, and celestial machines which produce pore-flushing fog, electronic muscle workout, stimulation to stir up the blood. Everything they use is an invention of Mrs. Wagner's husband—also Hungarian—who makes inspired use of extracts and serums which derive from herbs, fruits, and vegetables. There are at least three hundred Wagner mixtures, including every nuance in cosmetics, and each facial is climaxed by blissfully pretty makeup. Makeup, to Kitty Wagner, is only a charming accent . . . one should be aware of a lovely skin, an alluring face, *not* a clever makeup. "In Europe," she said, "a girl of ten begins to take care of her complexion. Long before she uses cosmetics, she learns how to cleanse, what to eat, and that a deep-down facial each month is a necessity, not a grown-up luxury." There is a special Wagner salon for teen-agers—the fortunate ones who, since they begin to tend their skins now, will have thirty-year-old faces when they are fifty. It is the Wagner experience that a woman can, at any age, jettison a startling number of birthdays if she gives her skin the old Royal Academy try. . . .

North of the Border

We have a spy in Canada who occasionally comes in from the cold to fill us in on what's doing north of the Border. What's doing now in Toronto, for instance, is the Vidal Sassoon Salon—coiffing up a storm to the delight of the ladies concerned. Everyone from shampoo men to Malcolm, Numero Uno of the salon, comes from the London Sassoon fountainhead, operates with a vervy esprit de corps. The walls of the hairstyling area are lined with life-size Sassoon coiffures. These give an idea of what could be in store, with Malcolm gently counselling you on your coiffure inclinations. His philosophy: there's a special style for every woman, no hard-and-fast rules that each head must have long hair, or short hair, or no curls, et cetera. What each head does have is a beautifully structured cut, the V. S. hallmark. To avoid that just-out-from-under-the-dryer look, he frequently finishes a comb-out with an air-lift technique of small handblower and comb—and then puts the brush in your hand and tells you to brush away. His basic cut holds the good line through it all. Virginia, the Scots tint expert, works on the topmost floor under a whopping big skylight so that your colour will hold no surprises when you emerge into daylight. She likes—especially for sun worshippers—her "blond on blond" frosting, done on Malcolm's curly Grecian cut which seems to be a nifty style for all ages. Virginia claims this frosting of paler blond on slightly darker blond won't get frowzy-looking with daily doses of salt water and strong sun. As for permanents—the gently soft, but firm, type which Nuala gives is a boon to every woman whose hair tends to go limp and lank. Nuala? That's right—it's Gaelic for Noël. The Noël spirit being what Toronto feels about the V. S. establishment all year round.

A young girl's hair needs Gentle Care to keep it soft and shining.



Gentle Care is a truly fabulous hair conditioner.
Because in just one minute, it can turn damaged hair into soft, silky, shining hair.
Hair that's bright, alive, and like satin to touch.
Hair that glows with youth, swings, glints, gleams.
Romantic hair. Fantastically fast. With Gentle Care.

Gentle Care® instant hair conditioner

© Wella Corp. 1968

"I have forbidden women to sleep with cream.
It messes up the sheets, it irritates one's
husband, and it is a disaster for the skin."

Eve of Roma



"In Rome we say that it is the duty of every woman to be beautiful. A man is a man—it doesn't matter if he's ugly. But a woman must look as beautiful as she can, because *both* are happier that way."

You are talking to Eve of Roma. You have heard so much about her—you know that she is the friend of Duchesses, Princesses, Countesses, international film stars, Roman socialites. You know that her salon at 116 Via Veneto is Mecca to beautiful women the world over.

You cannot help being surprised at how tiny she is—you had imagined her as tall. Even more surprising is the casual way in which she voices the most unorthodox opinions about makeup and skin care.

"Never never match a lipstick to a *dress.* A lipstick should complement your skin and your eyes. In fact, you can get along quite well with only *one* . . .

"A woman's skin has to *breathe.* When you use creams, have mercy on your pores —look for the *lightest* creams you can find. Don't drown yourself in cosmetics either. No man wants to kiss a mask . . .

"The best facial in the world? Soap and water. Creams will only absorb when the skin has been scrubbed clean—and nothing cleanses like soap . . .

"There is only one secret to a successful makeup and here it is. Use a tiny amount of the right thing. When you go out show *yourself,* not everything you have on your dressing table . . ."

Today it will be easier to follow Eve of Roma's mandate and *be* beautiful, now that she has brought her cosmetics and skin preparations to America. Marvelous beauty inventions, all of them—all made in Italy and packaged in Italy. You will find them now at the very best stores—such as Lord & Taylor, Rich's and Marshall Field.

Left: Eve of Roma, at Hadrian's Villa.



Imported from Italy
Via Veneto 116, Roma



Audition on Fifth Avenue

Don't fret about fashion. Play it cool with Hideaway, the jazzy little number with side cutouts and gilt throat ornament. Now you've got the beat. Let Enid take over. It's the pretty little pump with contrasting leaf applique at the throat. You're really swinging now with the audacious Auditions. The ideal Spring combo in a concert of colors. $15 to $20. On Fifth Avenue or off.





auditions®

Created by Craddock-Terry • Lynchburg, Virginia

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

New way to run a hair line

We've got a friend named Lace Front Cappellino. Not an Italian leading man, but a stretch wig by Ital-Hair that has a couple of nifty things going for it—like it's a full wig of real hair that *doesn't* have bangs, *doesn't* require brushing real hair over it to blend in. How so? L.F.C. goes on like a cap, laces into the hair line without a trace. Also, because it's ready-made, doesn't cost a month's salary. Is that any way to run a hair line? We say, definitely.

The lure of the lash

No, it's not a tale by De Sade, but a story called "The False Eyelash Makes It Big"—the number of wearers zooming by the hour. To keep apace in this field, we regularly consult a great-looking Young Thing who knows all the rights, wrongs, ins, and outs of the eyelash world. Recently we found her all agog over a something called Lower Lidders Lashes by Mary Quant. "What's so great about that?" she glowed. "Only that for the first time, you can pop on a whole band of lower lashes that look *natural*." Reason being, it seems, that these particular lashes fasten to a transparent strip so there's no longer that sinister dark line under the eye that is a sure giveaway for false eyelashes. The lashes themselves are feathery-light, "clumpy," look like more of the real article. Winner by an eyelash—naturally.

More on the skin around you

Playing the skin game is a lifetime job. And the lessons should be learned at mother's knee. Namely, that skin care means conditioning and protecting as well as cleaning. Neglect of those lessons can mean all sorts of horrors—like lines and dryness—all the signs of, shudder, Age. Someone who knows about women and skin is a company called Luzier who, very nicely, brings its offerings right to your door. Two Luzier skin mainstays, Ultra Vie Protein Facial Lotion and Ultra Vie Protein Facial Cream, have been winning converts steadily for some time. The lotion goes on under makeup for all-day care; the cream takes the p.m. shift, goes on before bed. Both are whipped-cream light, non-sticky, leave skin looking and feeling, well, ultra. All this cheered on by a not-so-secret ingredient: protein, that well-known wonder-worker on skin and hair. In a word: a face-saver.



Will you be one of the privileged Americans to share in this unique experience?

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Encyclopedia of World Art

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

In London, an extraordinary salute to Cecil Beaton, and "Beaton Portraits"



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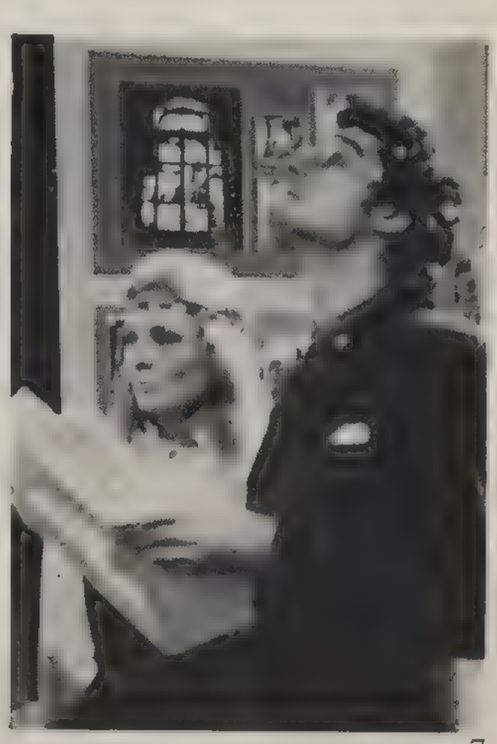
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A dazzling pre-preview party, full of promise and precedent, given in the National Portrait Gallery in London by British Vogue to honour Cecil Beaton, whose photographic exhibition "Beaton Portraits, 1928-1968" is the first ever held at this gallery. First time, too, that works showing living persons have been included; and so many of the subjects in the show flocked to toast this brilliant, witty, and diverse man that at times the party looked like the exhibition come to life. Richard Buckle designed the show to emphasize its span as a "time capsule of the utmost fascination." Already the exhibition has broken all attendance records at the National Portrait Gallery—35,000 people have seen it in the first month, the crowds still gather. 1. Mr. Cecil Beaton with an enlarged typical Beaton hat. 2. Dr. Roy Strong, Director of the gallery, with Mr. Beaton. 3. Princess Stanislas Radziwill. 4. Mr. Mark and the Lady Arabella Boxer. 5. Lord and Lady Glendevon. 6. On the right wall: photograph of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother, taken when she was Queen in 1939 in the garden of Buckingham Palace. On the table: photographs in silver frames of The Royal Family. On the left-centre wall: photographs of the Sitwells. 7. The Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry. 8. Mr. James Pope-Hennessy and Mrs. David Bruce. 9. Mr. Peter Schlesinger and Mr. David Hockney.

PATRICK LICHFIELD



Polo weekends
After-dinner charades
Electric prints, colors
Knits as they never were

This is

THE TREVIRA ERA

MICIA OF ROME FOR ROBERT PETERS knits in Trevira. And colors pulsate, patterns dance, textures reach new depths. For knits achieve a new fashion stature in The Trevira Era. The tile print: about $32. The coat dress: about $40. Sizes 4-14. In textured Trevira® polyester. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Inc., Dallas; I. Magnin & Co., Los Angeles; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A lustre of internationals at Raffles in New York



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"Once upon a time there was a tavern . . ." Mary Hopkin's voice sang out from the green-walled booth where Slim spins the discs. A cluster of ambassadors spun from table to table at this party given by Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper. The tavern: Raffles. The song: "Those Were the Days." The reception: for the United Nations colleagues—and their wives—of Senator Cooper who served as a member of the United States Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly. More fun than official, pacing protocol with soul, this party, in Cecil Beaton's green-and-deep-red set, had the new Sunday-night-in-New York mood. 1. Senator and Mrs. John Sherman Cooper, H. E. Frank Corner, Ambassador from New Zealand to the United States. 2. Mr. Thomas M. C. Johnston, Mrs. William S. Paley. 3. Madame Orhan Eralp, H. E. Bohdan Tomorowicz, Ambassador from Poland to the United Nations. 4. Mr. Marvin Warner, Miss Candida Wheatley. 5. H. E. The Rt. Hon. Lord Caradon, Ambassador from Great Britain to the United Nations; H. E. Dr. Zdeněk Černík, Ambassador from Czechoslovakia to the United Nations, and Mrs. Černík. 6. Mr. Stephen C. Schlesinger, Miss Lorraine Rowan. 7. Mrs. Winston H. Frost, Mr. Jay Rutherfurd, Mrs. Pamela Soldwedel. 8. Mr. Arthur Schlesinger, junior; Mrs. Alexander Ellis, junior. 9. H. E. Abdallahi Ould Daddah, Ambassador from Mauritania to the United Nations, Madame Daddah. 10. Mr. and Mrs. J. Frederic Byers, III; Mr. Yann R. Weymouth.



*The $1.25
Chiffon Color Leg

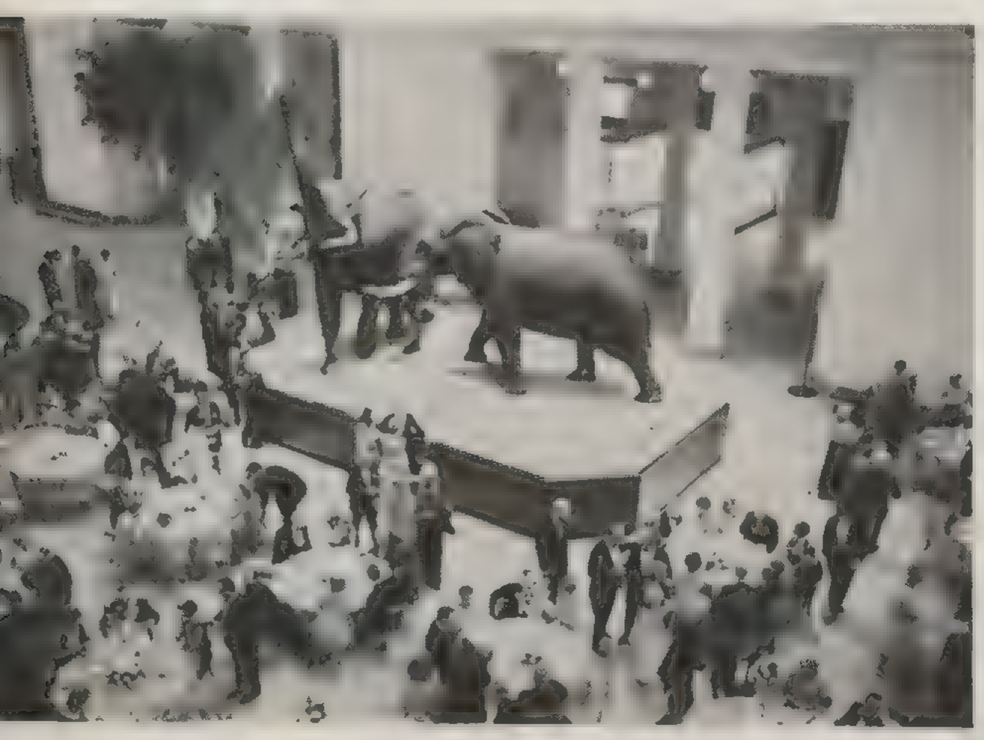
Beauty Mist
Cantrece introduces
a fashion bouquet of
soft and subtle spring
colors. Own them all
without giving up
your fortune.

In chiffon peach, lime, lilac, lemon, pink, grey, navy, brown, black, off white. From Beauty Mist, first name in expensive legs at a modest price. *Suggested retail price.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The 75th Anniversary Ball at Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago

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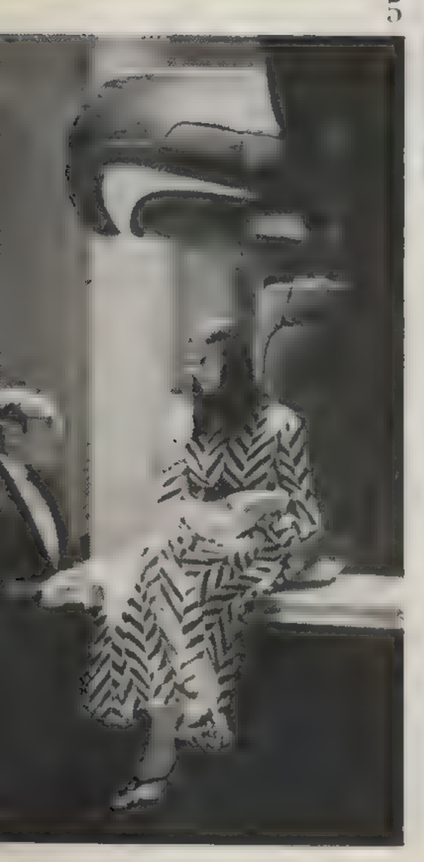
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To celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago, the Museum's Women's Board gave a big party in the freshly redone central court, Stanley Field Hall, as long as a football field. On hand, two famous fighting elephants, stuffed, a skeletal dinosaur, ritual masks from New Guinea, and two forty-foot totem poles, made by the Pacific Coast Indians in Canada. They all stand free as though in some curious savannah, particularly as the savannah had sixteen crystal chandeliers put up only for the party plus forty tables with cloths of forest green under silver netting. The guests, given menus written in Latin, dined among fig trees, fresh greens, and white roses to the music of Frankie Masters and two fountains spurting twenty-foot cascades. 1. Stanley Field Hall with guests seated for dinner near two fighting elephants. 2. Mr. and Mrs. T. Stanton Armour, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Runnells. 3. Mrs. C. Daggett Harvey, Chairman of Anniversary Ball; Mr. E. Leland Webber, Museum Director. 4. Mr. Thomas R. Welch, Miss Lawrie I. Bowes. 5. Mr. and Mrs. Allen Wardwell, II, with a Pacific Indian totem from Canada. 6. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Donnelley, II; Mr. and Mrs. Lothar P. Witteborg, in front of rampant skeletal dinosaur. 7. Mr. Marshall Field, V; Miss Margo Moss; Dr. Stephan Gasser, near an Alaskan caribou. 8. Mr. C. Daggett Harvey, Mrs. Laflin Ward. 9. Mr. William R. Polk, Mrs. Ralph Falk, II.



Next Year is 1940.

Victor Joris says so
The red suit says so. About $130.

Cuddlecoat

JEWELRY BY KJL

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Theatre

BY ANTHONY WEST

Forty Carats, "*carried by Marco St. John*"

Forty Carats is Jay Allen's slowed-down version of a very slick and cattily witty French comedy by Barillet and Gredy, two highly professional operators in the school of Feydeau-and-water. It is for the moment being advertised as a starring vehicle for Julie Harris in which Glenda Farrell and Murray Hamilton also have the honour to appear. Before too long the management, by which David Merrick is meant, will have to come clean and admit that this frothy piece of nothing about the rights of forty-year-old women to marry twenty-two-year-old boys if they feel like it is being carried by Marco St. John. He isn't exactly a Pygmalion, but he is such a beautifully skilled player of light comedy that he makes Julie Harris and everyone else in the company float and sparkle as long as he is around. And he is around for enough of the time to make a lot of drearily mechanical farce seem like very good fun.

When St. John isn't on stage, and the Harris-Farrell-Hamilton team are in possession of it, the lines can be heard sailing in on the leaden wings of the obvious. What one is supposed to be thinking about as the piece develops is an eighteen-year difference in flesh age, but what one becomes increasingly aware of is the movement of American theatrical history. Julie Harris and the older members of the cast were born, theatrically speaking, on the far side of a technical watershed from Marco St. John and Gretchen Corbett (the eerily attractive girl who plays Julie Harris's teen-age daughter). The senior members of the team can act with what one can only describe as a dazzling lack of commitment of which their younger colleagues are wholly incapable. Julie Harris's performance radiates the message that she's thrilled to bits—being what she is—to be engaged in anything so far beneath her, that it's all in fun, and that she'll soon be back doing something real and worthwhile—like Shaw, or Strindberg, or Carson McCullers. That she has a marvellous chance to play the part of a conventional woman melting like wax in the fire of an honest lech utterly escapes her.

But Marco St. John is as deeply in his part and in the play as if he thought the nonsense contained the last word from the greatest mind of the age on maleness and the masculine imperative. This total seriousness on the part of the actor is the secret that keeps the feathers of light comedy afloat, condescension sinks them like stones.

Hadrian the Seventh, "*maimed*"

Frederick Rolfe, the author of the exceedingly bad novel *Hadrian the Seventh*, from which Peter Luke has taken the substance of the play with this title, was a petty-minded homosexual. He was at his sickest and worst when he concocted the fantasy in which the Church, which had very rightly rejected him, came to him on its knees, made him Pope, and allowed him a glorious opportunity to give his enemies what for. His sickness made him the object of a fairy cult in England in the 1920's and 1930's, the central pretense of which was that his writing was so thrillingly bad that there was something rivettingly marvellous about it and him. Alec McCowen's performance as Rolfe is as good as rumour from London had promised it would be, and the presentation of the whole sick charade is almost faultless. But the bedrock of the thing is a maimed spirit and a mean imagination.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Whitney Annual, "*irrelevant*"

Each year I look forward to the annual exhibition (alternately painting one year, sculpture the next) at the Whitney Museum of American Art with a certain perverse anticipation. A roundup of current developments across the country, the annual often appears to have geographic distribution as its sole aesthetic criterion. Ordinarily I leave these omnibus exhibitions numbed by the massive doses of mediocrity dredged up from the provinces in the name of democracy in art. But this year's Whitney sculpture annual caused a reaction I have never experienced at an art exhibition. It left me nauseous.

Perhaps my reaction to the 137 works so insensitively deployed at the Whitney was exaggerated because I once held such high hopes for the future of American sculpture. (Fortunately, the picture is not as bleak as one would presume from the Whitney's presentation; although neither is it as rosy as I once thought.) Not only was the installation, with its obtuse juxtapositions of dissimilar scale, form, materials, and imagery, one of the poorest in my memory, but the works themselves had been subject to such careless handling that only the sturdiest survived without battle scars.

Nowhere is the confusion and lack of critical and professional standards in the art world more obvious than at the Whitney annual. Increased communication and the activity of regional museums in promoting local artists make the Whitney annual an anachronism. A regional exhibition at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis, for example, outclassed the Whitney annual on every level from selection to installation, even though not one major artist was included.

At the Whitney, on the other hand, the work of major artists is degraded to the lowest common denominator. The half-dozen works of quality—the Murray, the Judd, the Kelly, the Morris, the Oldenburg, the Von Schlegell, the Lichtenstein—are virtually indistinguishable from the inflated, rhetorical, trivial, banal, and academic works that surround them. Even the few genuine surprises—a delicate, transparent Bontecou and the impressively austere white environment of Julius Tobias—are hard to focus on in the midst of such chaos.

By its own admission devoted to reporting the news, the Whitney annual fails even as current events. The "news" (soft, anti-formal sculpture) was hidden away uptown at Leo Castelli's new warehouse gallery at 103 West 108th Street. For the truth is, sculpture has outgrown the constricting context of the museum in many respects, and apparently only the most adventurous commercial dealers are able to follow its strange new path.

Meanwhile, downtown on 75th Street, the greatest Midwestern Museum in New York continues to pursue a course as dated as it is irrelevant.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Travel

BY PENELOPE TREE

GOA—hypnotic mix

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Penelope Tree wrote these impressions of Goa when she was part of a Vogue team that stopped there briefly on the way to Kashmir. On pages 116 to 121 in this issue, photographs of Penelope Tree in Kashmir.*

As the Mynah bird flies, Goa lies a chicken curry away from Bombay and gleams hotly on the southwestern coast of India. After a series of torrid battles with the king of Bijapur in 1510, the Portuguese colonized Goa, which was a relief to the Portuguese. They made Goa a free port and freely smuggled exotic goodies in and out of India by way of their new colony, and thereby made a lot of breadfruit. They also built a quantity of Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals, schools and convents, mostly in honour of St. Francis Xavier who came to Goa in the sixteenth century and is buried there. These holy constructions are of great beauty and quality and certain edifices took a century to create. They look particularly strong and magical in the middle of the jungle and sparkle whitely in the sun. Goa was given back to India in 1961. Vogue invaded in September, 1968.

We arrived in Goa looking like Tandoori chickens: hot, burned, and orange-yellow. The man from the tourist board arrived to collect us from the airport and told us that we resembled "meedle-class heepies." Trying to organize twenty-seven straying pieces of luggage and feeding bananas to the photographer who had turned into a monkey on the journey had not improved our tempers. We piled into an ancient aquamarine car without a word. We streamed through a steamy jungle where red and blue birds screeched suddenly out of trees. We passed autumn-yellow rice reeds which swished as we swooshed by. Women in brightly dyed skirts watched us wide-eyed from their harvest. We came to the shore, and our car mounted the ferry to the city of Old Goa. For some mysterious reason our car had a 1968 tape player that clung to the dashboard and contained two tapes: Bob Dylan endlessly complaining about parents and "Harry Belafonte Sings Carmen Miranda" which was played constantly and blatantly and added somewhat to the exoticism of the environment.

As we rounded the bay of Old Goa we saw in the distance a cathedral, stark and white as bones in the sun, surrounded by the greenest undergrowth. So pure it was, such a monument to a saint. It resembled a simple wedding cake melting and crumbling under the glare of this century. After this church was another of pink and white, and then we passed a chapel of clear blue and white and then an enormous blood-red cathedral that hunched out of the red earth. Few Indians had ever been inside these edifices to the strange God, and therefore the churches are left as enormous nests for birds who flit in and out through the stained-glass windows and occasionally shoot bulls-eyes on the heads of the few tourists.

The churches are not, claim the tourist board men, the main attractions of Goa. They talk of the beaches with visions of plastic tourist hotels and beach umbrellas dancing in their eyes. The beaches are enormous and calm with everchanging blue-green water. At sunset, we drove to the main beach near town where there is a promenade and a band. The ladies of the town in their best saris and red parasols were walking barefoot with their children, slowly, slowly disappearing mistily as night came. Stray cats and dogs howled. A dark man with a board-straight back sat cross-legged on the sands playing the sitar looking out to sea. So many sounds drifting across smells and haze.

When all was dark and only a few candles flickered on the beach we went to our hotel. The Mandovi, in the middle of this small bustling town, is a leftover of the old British influence. The rooms are large and have balconies that look out over a view of the river where the Goanese carry their crops back and forth on small open boats. The centrepiece of each room is the large fan that whirs busily from the ceiling and, although the breeze is very refreshing, makes for instant pneumonia.

The dining room has a large 1930 mural of an orchestra whose musicians are wearing white tie. From behind the mural came the indisputable belting voice of Elvis Presley from a tinny radio. We drank a delicious and extremely potent wine made from cashew nuts, and made friends with a slightly inebriated cartoonist from Bombay and a Goanese landowner who played the guitar and sang like a banshee, rolling his brown eyes. They talked about Indian politics, which are even more mysterious when explained, and about Mia Farrow who had hit Goa some months before and had created quite a stir although no one had seen her. I went to bed full of vegetable curry and drifting talk with the sound of boats lapping softly.

VOGUE'S NOTES—NUTS AND BOLTS ON TRAVEL TO INDIA: A visa to India—$2.10 with one photograph, issued in twenty-four hours—is valid for three months from the time a traveller arrives in India. Each visa allows three separate entries into India. Because prohibition laws vary in the states of India, a visitor should, along with his visa, get a Liquor Permit, a dingy grey pamphlet in which drinks served in bars as well as bottles of wines and liquor bought in shops are recorded somewhat slowly but in extraordinary detail.

SOME EXTRAS TO TAKE: More astringent for cooling off than on an average trip, as well as more shampoo, setting lotion, rinses and tints. . . . Masses of moisturized, cooling little pads. . . . *Note:* For sight-seeing take flat shoes—not sandals—that will slip on and off easily for temple visits.

FLYING TO INDIA: Air India flies two routes from New York to India. Both begin with an overnight flight to London, both cost the same, both stop at Delhi and Bombay. The shortest and quickest is through Moscow; the longer itinerary hedgehops through Europe, the Middle East, across the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Most people visiting India fly the circuit—go one way and return by an alternate route. Why not. A good buy from now to April 30 is the twenty-eight-day excursion fare, $846, provided a traveller spends a minimum of sixteen days in India or in neighbouring countries—Nepal, Ceylon, Afghanistan, and Pakistan—and the twelve remaining days stopping off wherever he likes on Air India's network on the home stretch.

For passengers landing in London around eight in the morning after a transatlantic flight from New York and taking off at five in the afternoon for Moscow, Air India provides breakfast, lunch, and rooms in a London airport hotel. Some tireless travellers prefer to spend the day in London, and do. Round-trip fare, economy class, from New York to Delhi or Bombay, $1,126; first class, $1,886.

FLYING TO GOA: From Bombay, Goa is about an eighty-minute flight on India Airlines which runs two daily flights both from Bombay and from Goa. Round-trip fare, about $38.



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Books

BY ANTHONY WEST

The Love Object, "*absolute candour*"

The Love Object (Knopf) is a collection of Edna O'Brien's almost frighteningly brilliant short stories. What's frightening about them is exemplified by the first and best of the stories in the volume, the one that gives it its title. This is an account of an affair between an old-style married amorist and a new-style woman of the kind that has been liberated from most sexual anxieties by the pill, and from almost all inhibitions by a rationalist, liberal upbringing. It is told in a personal and direct way from the woman's point of view, and it achieves an absolute candour. Nothing whatever of the experience is withheld, and when one has finished reading the story one's knowledge of it is as complete as if one had shared in it.

What is frightening about this is that Edna O'Brien's mirror reflects the human beings who pass in front of it with a mirror-like objectivity—or, to put the thing in another way, she writes without mercy or pity, and she has bad news for women about what being a woman means. The point of the story in question is that its narrator's tremendous self-knowledge, her freedom from illusions, her fearlessness, and her common sense can do nothing whatever for her in the given situation. Something happens to her against which she has no defense: "He simply said my name. He said, 'Martha,' and once again I could feel it happening. . . ." From then on she is the giver who asks for nothing in return, and the victim destined to be victimized until the woman-hunter who has turned her on is finished with her. "It just occurred to me that possibly you love me. . . . I adore you, but I'm not in love with you, with my commitments I don't think I could be in love with anyone. . . ."

There has never been a better and more precise account of what it is to be used and dumped, or of the pains that can follow the dumping: "I suppose you wonder why I torment myself like this with details of his presence but I need it, I can not let go of him now, because if I did, all our happiness and my subsequent pain—I can not vouch for him—will all have been nothing, and a nothing is a dreadful thing to hold on to."

In all the stories, Edna O'Brien writes with extraordinary effectiveness and power, but she is at her very best when she is dealing with her chosen theme, the defenselessness of those women who are too generous and too warmhearted to be able to believe in the existence of mean and hollow men. She is, in the end, coming to grips with the central defect of the sunny approach to sexuality—that it assumes a world populated by nice people who wish each other well and ignores the strangeness and darkness that so often lurks in the human heart.

In Touch, "*breezy*"

In Touch (Knopf) is a chatty work about pot by John Steinbeck IV. Its author is breezy about the corrupting influences of the American presence in Viet Nam, breezy about the extent of the use of pot by American troops there, and breezy about the deeply corrupt methods used by the police in attempting to check its use here. Behind the manlidom there is a well argued case for legal marihuana, and it is a pity that the author couldn't get out from behind the hair on his chest and let us have it straight.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Money

BY HENRY C. WALLICH

Your money when the war stops

Government spending has gone up faster in the last two years than at any time since Korea. Little wonder, therefore, that the horizon is being scanned anxiously for some break that might relieve the pressure. The biggest break that could come is peace in Viet Nam. Will the blessings of peace also mean a financial blessing? The $29 billion price tag that has been attached to the war looks promising. If we could look to a peace dividend of anything like that size, Washington's problems would be over. We could remove the tax surcharge. We could activate urban programs. A new tax cut, beyond the ending of the surcharge, could be envisaged.

This is a fiscal dream. Reality is going to be different. We have, indeed, proved to ourselves that war does not pay—it costs. But peace will not be cheap, either.

The $29 billion tag, for one thing, probably exaggerates what the war really costs in dollars. This may sound strange, given the Government's well-known propensity to understate bad news. But when an administrator has to defend his budget, what is his most promising ploy? To hang as much of it as he can onto the most pressing piece of business, of course. The budgeteers in the Pentagon are not likely to have missed this one. All sorts of money that would have had to be spent anyhow, on equipment, maintenance, even manpower, probably has been loaded onto the war budget. Come peace, these items will reappear among regular defense outlays.

Peace, moreover, if it comes, will not come overnight. Everything in our relations with Hanoi, since the earliest peace feelers, has taken longer than expected. No one knows how quickly President Nixon will be able to negotiate a cease-fire. And after he has accomplished it, no one knows how quickly troops can be withdrawn. Can all the men come home, or will some have to stay to police the situation?

To stop the shooting, great as that would be, does not mean stopping the production of munitions. The war has been fought, to some extent, "out of inventory." Depleted military stocks will have to be replaced. Thus, the spending will go on long after the shooting has ended.

It is commonly known in Washington that the Pentagon has numerous new weapons systems ready to "go." Among these are the Sentinel anti-ballistic missile and the Minuteman III with its multiple warheads. The war has postponed them. Peace, sad to say, will make them more urgent. At least it will raise the urgency with which they are advocated. Meanwhile the price of everything the Government buys is going up; the Government is becoming a prime victim of its own inflation.

The best evidence that well-informed people do not expect peace to bring great savings comes from the stock market. In Wall Street, peace is definitely bullish. Smart investors would hardly buy stocks on peace rumors if they expected great spending cutbacks.

There will be surely some savings. But the peace dividend is likely to come later rather than sooner, and to be small rather than large. For the Government, as for the citizen, the main benefit of peace will be the ending of the war.

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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Walk, run, or just relax: you can't miss it—

the big news in the new clothes. New York is full of new shops, new ideas. You can't miss the action.

Here, the news from two new idea sources: just before his hunting trip in Siberia, ***Michael Marsh,*** right, stopped in at Halston to try on this spring's great suit: like a long, fitted Safari coat, in khaki, of course. He took the Argyle sweater, too, and a few belts to wear all together. Then he could sit back to enjoy the look of ***Halston's*** new digs (private headquarters for the clothes which go out in March to Sakowitz, Houston).



Argyle, above. Back at last in a crisp linen knit—forest green and red on string colour. Sleeveless V necks are this year's followup to the vest. To wear with cream flannel trousers, white shirt, brace of belts—one red, one mocha—as artist Craig Carrieri does at Halston, 33 East 68th St. Sweater available March: Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz.

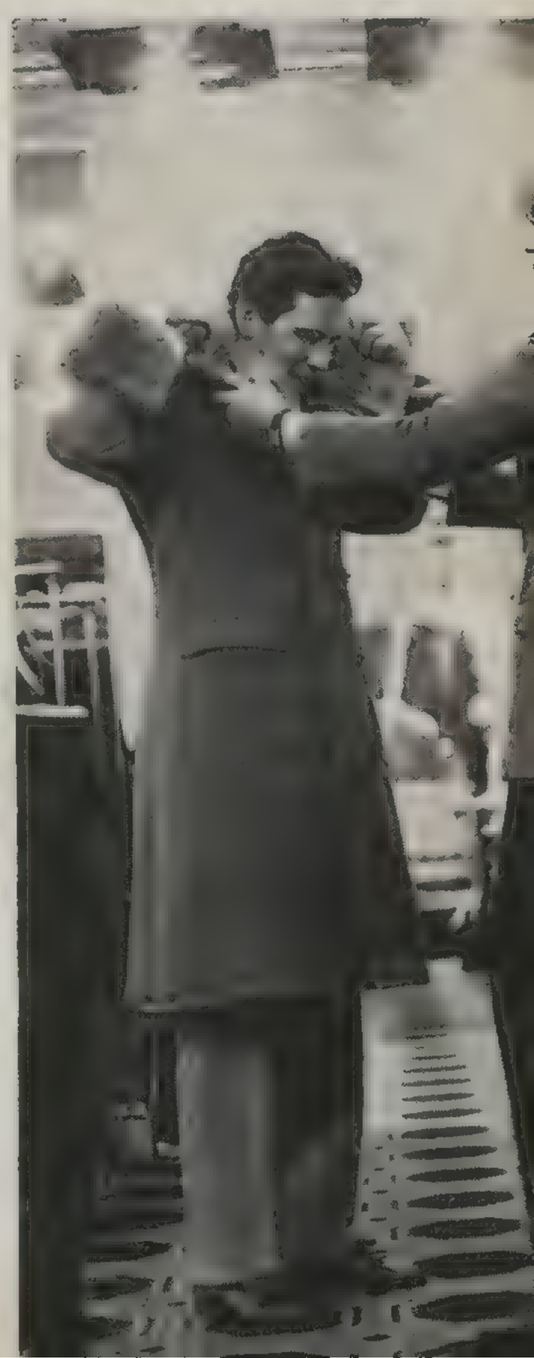


Cobra, below. Crackling, shiny, licorice-black battle jacket. To keep it tough and snaky, ***Craig Carrieri*** strapped a red, a blue, and a black cobra belt onto his white trousers, put a black scarf in the neck of a red silk shirt. Time now to enjoy the rich mosaic of colour, African prints all over walls and man-scale furniture, scarlet lacquer, porcelains, big plants; all of it pulled together for Halston by ***Angelo Donghia.*** Jacket, belts, at Bloomingdale's.





Cashmere. Classic, great and most luxurious in 4-ply weight. Find it in classic camel, or colours, $80 at De Noyer, 219 E. 60th St. ***Richard Dow*** dug the spring topcoat, too. Bronze Melton with a Cossack-like helping of marmot at collar and cuffs, $200. Too: corduroy pants every colour, great cut, $40.



JACK ROBINSON

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FEBRUARY 15, 1969

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW

the look that comes up swinging – from the ground

Coming up—the look that gets things going now. It's a look that starts where motion starts—up from the ground, with feet and legs swinging along in marvellous gear, carrying their fashion message to everything around them, everything that's worn above them. Feet and legs dressed for the bold stride, the cheerful purpose, the emphatic standpoint. Like the great groundwork here, in the emphatics of black and white—black knee socks with the near-sheer look of men's silk evening socks, a diamond pattern running like clockwork; shoes of white calf with straight black stacked leather heels set back, and the fun of giant black grosgrain pompons (more Fun with Pompons, running all through this issue). Socks of stretch nylon, by Van Raalte; at Bloomingdale's; Filene's. The shoes, by Julianelli; about $10 at Lord & Taylor; Dayton's.

SPRING



One generality about the new spring clothes: they're heaven to wear—easy, practical, and so good-looking you can't wait to get on with them. Brown, belted, buckled in brass, left: the pants look everybody's head-over-heels about now—coat like an extended shirt-tunic with a huge oval buckle on the belt, huge flap pockets on the skirt; and the right cut of pants, good and straight. Bardley by Abbe Rabiner; Stevens Hockanum wool flannel. About $110. At Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. Glentex white collar and cuffs. Large strapped bag by Vuitton at Saks Fifth Avenue. David Evins shoes.

If you love a suède coat—and nothing's more lovable this spring—you'll adore the one, right: wheat-colour suède cut away like a cape to show the long sleeves and dirndl skirt of a mushroom-colour wool jersey dress underneath. Turnout by Bonnie Cashin for Philip Sills. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Higbee's; Neiman-Marcus. Small bag, both pages, Ruza Creations. Archer-Nuweave knee socks. Coiffures with hairpieces: Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

PENATI

THE CLOTHES YOU'LL LOVE TO WEAR





dRESSES YOU'LL LOVE TO WEAR FOR DAY

Say shirtdress, left, and you've said it All... this little love is of natural silk tussah with a belt, a pleat, and buttons to the waist. Georgette Trilère for Trimar: Onondaga silk. About $125. Saks Fifth Avenue: The Addis Co.: Harzfeld's: Sanger-Harris. Pendants: Monet, Vendôme. Rings: Napier, Bruce Rudow, K. J. L., Pakula. Obrey watch. Calderon belt. Archer-Nuweave knee socks. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue.

Knit, right—the dress you can't have enough of—bright red spaced out in navy and white stripes, worn with chains at the waist and a freight of rings. David Smith: knitted Trevira. About $10. Abercrombie & Fitch: Filene's: O'Neil's; Famous-Barr. Brooks Brothers sweater. Berkshire socks. Both pages: Ruza Creations pouches; coiffures by Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

PENATI



THE BELTED COATS YOU'LL LOVE TO WEAR

Red-and-white tweed, left, direct white leather belt—a real nifterino of a coat, clean and sharp, with zings of white at every opportunity. Charles Cooper for Cooper-Couture, of wool tweed (Hallenstein fabric). At Elizabeth Arden, New York; Halle Bros.; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Glentex scarf and cuffs. Berkshire socks. Latinas shoes. Curve-coat, right, button-on belt—delicious shape for a coat to be in this spring. And delicious colouring, fresh lemon-and-white shadow plaid on wool Melton cloth. By Originala. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Rich's; Hudson's. Van Raalte socks. Capezio shoes. (pompons added). Coiffures: Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

PENATI





YOU'LL LOVE A SHOT OF WHITE IN THE DARK

White snaps black, left: a teeny-sleeved two-piece dress of crisp waffly cotton with white collar, rib-patches, hip-pockets. By Rona, of Rubin Levine fabric. About 8-12. At Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Rings by Pakula, Vendôme. Van Raalte knee socks. Shoes by Julianelli, at Lord & Taylor. White strikes brown, right: little V'd and pleated dress, stocked and belted in white, accompanied by its own matching patch-pocketed jacket. By Laird Knox, of Fibranne. At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Echo scarf. Rings: Pakula, House of Joy, Vendôme. Socks: Bloomingdale's. Coiffures by Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

PENATI



VOGUE PATTERN 7293

YOU'LL LOVE LONGER VELVET TUNICS WITH PANTS

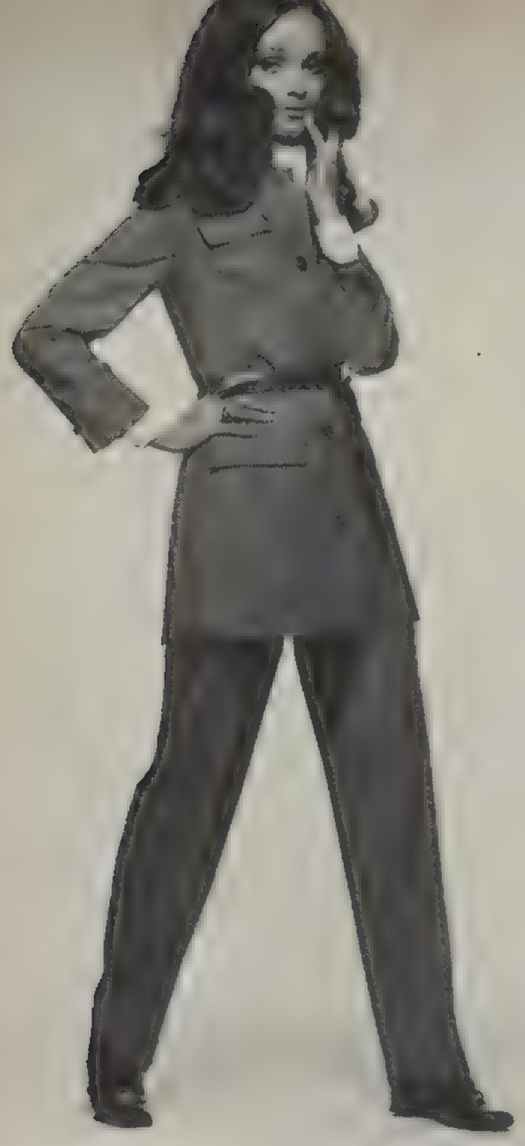
The shirt-tunic, left: burgundy panne velvet snapped close over matching pants. Vogue Pattern 7293. Chardon-Marché rayon velvet. Belts: K.J.L., Calderon. Rings: Napier, Ringo, House of Joy. Shoes: Evelyn Schless; Bernard Abrams pompons. Black velveteen tunic-coat, right: wrap-sashed over flowered velveteen pants—black, purple, yellow, pink, red. Vogue Pattern 7428. Coat: Crompton cotton. Woodward & Lothrop. Pants: Print Direction for Wamsutta. Kramer tie. Chains: K.J.L., Calderon. Shoes: David Evins, to order: I. Miller. Face sequins, both pages: Body Jewelry by Thomas Robbins. Coiffures: Christiaan Houtenbos, Coiffures Americana. Pattern details, page 149.

VOGUE PATTERN 7428



PENATI















A spot of knit, opposite page: red and white and refreshing —shirtdress by Leslie Fay, of Dacron. About $42. At Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Famous-Barr; J. W. Robinson.
Glen plaid pants suit, this page, top row left, in black-and-white worsted— good long jacket thonged over a white shirt, straight pants. By Ernst Strauss. About $200. At Lord & Taylor.
A short trench coat, top row, right, really goes to town with pants—this in oyster with mock tortoise buttons and buckle. Misty Harbor coat; Dacron and cotton with Scotchgard. Junior sizes. About $45. At Macy's.
In a jumper bumper-crop year, centre row, left, a dandy in black-and-white hound's-tooth cotton over a neck-tied white crêpe shirt. By The Sidneys; shirt of acetate-and-rayon crêpe. About $90. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.
Plaid linen coat, centre row, right: red, white, and blue with shiny navy patent holding it close over a short-sleeved white linen dress. Turnout by Robert Leonard; Irish Looms linen. About $160. Bonwit Teller.
The pale plaid coat, bottom row, left: yellow and turquoise blurred on white. By Henry Friedricks for Brittany, of Trevira and cotton (International Textiles fabric). About $125. Lord & Taylor.
The bush-jacket coat, bottom row, right: khaki leather-buttoned and belted over oyster pants. London Fog coat, of Dacron and cotton treated with Zepel (Reeves Mills fabric). About $40. At Macy's. Coiffures, this page: Christiaan Houtenbos of Coiffures Americana.

PENATI

You'll love
the variety
of day looks



DAVID BAILEY



the new EMPHATICS

for feet and legs—drama from the ground up



Emphatic—the patterns, the plaids, the flower-strewings and glistening see-throughs making the leg scene now. Emphatic and dramatic—the shoes and boots that go along, with new heels, new shapes, new tie-ins to legs. Everything, here and on the next six pages, photographed at the luxurious El Conquistador Hotel in Puerto Rico with patterns of its own—fascinating tile-work, textures, sculptures, woodwork.... Uptights, in dots and flowers, above, with all the emphasis of red, white, and blue, worn with blue suède moccasins tied in white and fringed. Tights, of stretch nylon; by Rudi Gernreich for the McCallum Boutique; about $8 at Henri Bendel. Shoes by Golo; about $21. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Stripy shirt by Adelaar; $20 at Bonwit Teller. See-through Argyll, upper left, open-weave knee socks in red and white with white ribbed cuffs, red patent oxfords with straps. Socks by Ariadne, of stretch nylon; about $3. At L. L. Berger; Gus Mayer. Shoes, designed by Roger Vivier for Saks Fifth Avenue. Big-checked jump suit by Erika Elias for Charlie's Girls; $16 at Best & Co.

feet and legs—the new EMPHATICS

Patches of brilliance, opposite—purple jodphur boots with square toes, stacked heels, lightweight and great with chrome-yellow knee socks, lace-patterned. The pants turnout—more patchwork, more colours. Boots by Latinas; about $21. At Best & Co.; Higbee's; Nordstrom Best. Socks by Bewitching; about $2 at Bloomingdale's. Pants turnout by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; about $200 at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. See-through boots, laced up the back, allure-circuit for evening—transparent black to the ankles, straight higher heels, toe-roses. $70. At I. Miller. Stockings with creamy flowers up the sides, showing through the boots. By Berkshire. Slip of a dress with black rosettes, bloomers, by Guy Paulin for Paraphernalia; about $37, in junior sizes. White moire mule, below, with square rhinestones buckles—big and bigger. White metallic stockings. Shirt and pantaloons, one piece of ruffled lace sashed in yellow. Mules by David Evins; about $75. At I. Miller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Stockings of Lurex and nylon, by Bewitching; about $4. At Lord & Taylor; Joske's Houston. Lace turnout by Fantasy Designs; about $100. At Henri Bendel.

NORMAN PARKINSON



feet and legs–the new

EMPHATICS

T-strap wooden clogs, this page, brown suéde with giant pompons. Wet-look tights, russet-coloured and flowered. Brown suéde pants with nailheads, a belt and pseudo-vest of gilt-and-red embroidery. Clogs by Nina (pompons added); about $25. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Danskin tights; about $4. At Best & Co.; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Turnout by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; vest, about $190; belt, about $130; pants, about $150. All: Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. Leopard lacing, opposite, up legs in jungle-patterned tights—the laces starting with leopard-printed clogs, reaching up to a belted leopard-printed tunic. Clogs by Mademoiselle; to order at Lord & Taylor. Hudson tights; about $10. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Tunic by Michael Mott for Paraphernalia; about $73, in junior sizes.

NORMAN PARKINSON


BOBMAN PARKINSON

feet and legs—the new EMPHATICS

Red beaded clogs, opposite, fiery gleam strapped over glitter-gold stockings in a diamond pattern. Chain-mail pants glinting gold, matching fringed vest. Clogs by Mademoiselle; [illegible] at Lord & Taylor. Lady Exeter stockings, of Lurex; about $3 at Bergdorf Goodman. Pants and vest by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room. See-through boots, this page, of ribbed black with white lace cuffs, enormous white pompons. Gartered tights that gleam in the dark. Boots by Golo (Bernard Abrams pompons added); about $33. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus. Tights by Round-The-Clock; about $4. At Bloomingdale's; J. W. Robinson. Both looks photographed among the shines and metallics of the nightclub at El Conquistador Hotel in Puerto Rico—where comfort and service also shine, dark or daytime. All coiffures, these eight pages, by François of Kenneth.



Clothes you'll love to wear this spring

Lace flowers on airiest white, above, a dress any spring evening would love to see—crisp, short, precisely banded with the look of tucks and sprigs, a deep V-neck. Gold braid shapes a bolero-outline over full sleeves, a full skirt. By Oscar de La Renta, of Schiffli-embroidered lace. At Sara Fredericks; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz; El Palacio de Hierro. Corina headband. Rings: Marvella, Bergère, House of Joy, Jack Gilbert. Stockings by Bewitching. Herbert Levine shoes (with pompons added). Coiffure by Alan of Kenneth.

Dance pants, the wilder swirls, right—a little dress-top with bare Empire shape and a big bow across the back, over matching pants. All, silk organza in a gala explosion of orange, pink, turquoise, deep green. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Bianchini fabric. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Neiman-Marcus. Jules Van Rouge necklace. K. J. L. tassels. Lipstick: Coral Frost, from the Geminesse Coralique Collection of Max Factor. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.



PENN



LONG COVERING EVENINGS IN BLACK AND WHITE

White crêpe pyjamas, left: all width and flow from a little camisole top over which falls a long covering tunic, simply held at the nape of the neck. Cardinali; Avisco rayon and acetate (Onondaga fabric). Martha; Stanley Korshak; Swanson's; Bullock's-Wilshire. K. J. L. diamanté headband. Jules Van Rouge tasselled mock-pearl anklets. Coiffure by Kenneth. Full-blown sleeves veil the arms, right, the neckline plunges, the waist is high and wrapped in satin: black silk organza—and a caste mark of sequins doubling the allure. Chester Weinberg; Hurel-TSM fabric. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Caste-mark sequins: Body Jewelry by Thomas Robbins. Both pages: rings by Marvella, House of Joy, Robert Originals, K. J. L. Alan of Kenneth coiffure.

PENN

Clothes you'll
love to wear



Clothes you'll
love to wear



THE WHITE CRÊPE SHIRTDRESS

A wide-open sweep of collar, left, plunged to a deep V above a banded Empire waist and gathered skirt—the prettier-than-ever shirtdress in pure white crêpe edged with tiny ruffles. Junior Sophisticates, of rayon and acetate (William Rose fabric). About $110. Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Joseph Magnin. Rings: Marvella, Ringo. Phoenix tights. Alan of Kenneth coiffure.

Navy on white, right: the shirtdress again—the one dress you can't live without—white crêpe, buttoned down the front, with navy collar, cuffs, belt. Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, of Avisco acetate and rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $110. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Chains: Bergère, Napier. Rings: Sandor Goldberger, Pakula. Bewitching tights. Mario Valentino shoes. Suga of Kenneth coiffure.



PENN

Clothes you'll
love to wear



NAVY DECKED OUT WITH WHITE

A navy coat you'll dote on, left: perfect little shape, young and snappy—rounded collar, rounded flap pockets, gleamy buttons, and a black patent belt—all it wants is all the white you can give it. A woolmark coat by Zelinka-Matlick; Stevens Forstmann fabric. About $145. Altman's; Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Nordstrom Best. Adolfo hat: Saks Fifth Avenue. Starchy white shirt by Gant. Burmel white-dotted scarf. Adler socks. Latinas shoes. The all-out turnout, right: navy wool cape, pants, gilt-buttoned weskit, and—for very good measure—a white silk crêpe shirt stocked at the neck. Golet by Sony Schotland; Anglo wool loomed in America. About $215. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Mabley & Carew. Ruza Creations white leather headband. Bergère chain. Charles Jourdan white boots. Suga of Kenneth coiffure.

PENN



Clothes you'll love to wear



THE TAILOR'S CHOICE

A dilly of suit in navy, left: chopped jacket with a shine-up of gilt buttons, frisk of skirt pleated in front...then lay on the white and watch spring zing in. Davidow; Bellaine wool. About $195. Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Gant shirt. Atelier Nina belt with Stix shells. Adler socks: Arnold Constable. Latinas shoes. Coiffure: Suga of Kenneth.

Now the shirt is a coat, right—and steel grey to boot—all properly shirt-collared and cuffed, and lightly gathered across the shoulders. By Barberini; Stevens Forstmann wool. About $155. Saks Fifth Avenue; Frost Bros. Gant striped shirt. Coiffure by Suga of Kenneth.

Lots to love about the pants suit, far right—its stone-beige colouring, for one thing, and the good straight cut of the trousers, and the easy dash of the loose long jacket that swings open here over a black silk turtleneck pull. Jacket and pants by Frank Gallant; Anglo wool. About $225. Best & Co.; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Joseph Horne. Chains: Bergère, Monet. Dynasty watch. Rings: Kramer, Sant' Angelo, Sandor Goldberger. El Greco boots. Alan of Kenneth coiffure. All fabrics, loomed in America.

PENN







JACK ROBINSON

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

THE JOSHUA LIGHT SHOW, an art of great immediacy, created by technology to pacify the eye-minded young nurtured on television. Unseen behind a vast screen, the leader, twenty-six-year-old Joshua White (seen above, centre), conducts Cecily Hoyt, William Schwarzbach, Los Zelman, and Thomas Shoesmith (left to right, above) as they play their projectors like guitars, improvising a totally abstract colour obbligato of lights to the rock sounds heard at the Fillmore East in New York. White's sassy collection of slides amuses during musical gaps. These supra-modern artists, who combine engineering skills with painterly talents, slosh colours between clock crystals, use sixty pieces of hardware to beam light through or off of all kinds of materials to provide a theatrical trip for the eyes. In its first year, the group made it from a suburban stage to Carnegie Hall—they used a score for that concert. Soon they will cap their second year by appearing abroad. The equipment-heavy light show, too expensive for the artist of the past, is the affluent present's own medium.



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The increasing boil of Washington. . . . Tom Smothers of the Smothers Brothers television show whose act is that he is a brilliant liberal, but whose reality is that he is a bright, Johnsonian consensus taker with the Brothers' program shown to seventeen of the CBS-TV network affiliates on closed-circuit television the Friday night before the Sunday appointment with its public. . . . The pop-up of the word "shuck" to describe shoddy stuff.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *Portnoy's Complaint,* an anguished yowl of a novel by Philip Roth who manages to be funny, desolate, sometimes dull, often porno, but most of the time brilliant in this major yawp. . . . *Zorbá,* a musical comedy like a fitful coma. . . . The Pablum of the small-timey magazine-like television programs "60 Minutes" every two weeks on CBS, and "First Tuesday" once a month on NBC. . . . In London, this letter, published in the magazine *Woman:* "After twenty years of faithful service my vacuum cleaner gave out. I just didn't have the heart to put it out for the dustcart. Instead, I buried it at the end of the garden and planted a rose bush on top. I know this was daft, but it was the least I could do for such a helpful wee friend."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The odd drear of the movie *Mayerling,* in which Omar Sharif, Catherine Deneuve, and James Mason stroll, ignoring satyriasis, suicide, and murder. . . . The noisy, stern clamour of "In a-Gadda-da-Vida" by the Iron Butterfly group. . . . *Living-Room War,* a collection of writings about television by Michael J. Arlen, a reality buff, who understands shrewdly not only what is on television but what is that thin-skinned magic that people let television do to them, cloaking his reasonable, understated but sharp theories in such satiric phrases as: "President Johnson's combination bombing-pause-and-ascension-into-heaven speech."

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



1. B. B. KING whose Bristol-blue shirt and tie, diamond stick pin, and vermilion guitar named Lucille can't keep him from looking like a solid lawyer; his rather blatant modesty can't keep this blues evangelist from admitting that he is The King. For the last eighteen months the whites have been dousing him in adulation as they search for the truth in his songs, those blues parables loved for years by the Blacks. B. B. said: "It's like having your flowers before you die."

2. DANIELLE HUNEBELLE, who is a powerhouse, a producer and writer on French television which has been running her serial, *Jeux de Société*, for a little more than five years. She calls it a mimodrama in which non-professional people play a section of their lives, their interviews used as dialogue. (In the United States she did some television films for PBL, especially *Negroes Next Door.*) Before television, this attractive woman was a reporter for *France-Soir;* she interviewed General Giap and President Ho Chi Minh of North Viet Nam. She said, "I am like Napoleon: I act, then I confer."

3. ROBERT JOFFREY, a small, gentle muscleman, and Gerald Arpino, a radical choreographer, who together form the brain of the City Center Joffrey Ballet company. They shake up their loyal audiences—even abuse them slightly, but they have come up with such pleasures as *Clowns* and *Astarte.* Arpino's newest ballet is set to the jazz-bite of *Animus I for Trombone and Tape.* This music by Jacob Druckman is really a wrestle between one live musician and a tape of driving electronic sound.

4. VANESSA REDGRAVE as Isadora Duncan in the movie *Isadora,* a fabulized account of the great American dancer who, when she tossed away her corsets and flung a Greek chiton around her happily plump body, made her influence and her life a two-continent serial. As Isadora, Miss Redgrave wears draperies like a Gothic saint, and undercuts her rôle with sly ironies.

5. ARLO GUTHRIE, the folk singer who in his first movie, *Alice's Restaurant* (directed by Arthur Penn), will pose to moviegoers his black-comedy question: Is a man who dumps garbage in a public place too immoral for the tasks the Army might assign him? Those who heard his talking-blues record, *Alice's Restaurant*, know the answer.

6. TAKIS, the Greek sculptor, whose compelling, and sometimes unsettling, signals, magnets, and dials are on exhibition now at the Howard Wise Gallery in New York. He is "one of those rich, rare, lucky men who can wonder with the joyful confidence of a child, with the disciplined inquiry of a scientist, and with the questioning eye of an artist-poet," according to Gyorgy Kepes of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

7. THE INCREDIBLE STRING BAND, a duet composed of Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, twenty-five-year-old, blowy-haired, tatty Scotsmen, who write, sing, and play their own meandering songs, backed-up by two girls, Licorice and Rose. In worn velvets, beads, and puffs of incense, the group encamps on stage in a cluster of guitars, lute, mandolin, oud, sitar, dulcimer, harmonicas, and organ. (Their gigs are sellouts, their four albums chart-toppers. The most recent album is *The 5000 Spirits or The Layers of the Onion.*) They sing, in soft burrs, of archery, of swans, amoebae, hedgehogs, and love to rufflings of folk, rock, and raga. "If you can adjust your speed to theirs," said one critic, "the Incredibles, with their arrays of fascinating instruments and abilities, will reward you with profoundly witty, imaginative Scottish folk music for the year 2001."

8. HELEN FRANKENTHALER whose paintings on exhibition now at the Whitney Museum in New York never lose their hereditary connections with the world of nature, no matter how abstract they become. A slender, knowledgeable woman with an inherent gaiety, she has vigourously made a proper place for herself in the forefront of American painters. Although her stained paintings on a subliminal level may suggest landscapes, they are now simpler, more minimal than before, sensuously readable in an instant and yet complex enough to last a lifetime.

REHABILITATION

New lives for the stricken and disabled

BY DR. HOWARD A. RUSK

There are three phases of medical care. The first is prevention, the second is treatment of disease itself, and the third phase is the training designed to take the severely disabled patient back to the best life he can live with what he has left. These are the patients with strokes, broken necks or backs, advanced arthritis, brain damage, amputations and other severe injuries due to accidents, as well as the residual problems of the cardiac and pulmonary cripple.

The program in its present total approach was conceived and carried out first in the United States Army-Air Corps in World War II. Here it was learned that bed-rest can be a dangerous thing, that muscle and mind atrophy with disuse, and that a program designed to meet not only the physical but the emotional, social and vocational needs of the disabled patients could bring severely disabled back to lives of self support, self sufficiency, and dignity. But in order to accomplish this, one had to treat the whole man just not the disease.

I remember well one of the first patients in the Air Force Rehabilitation Center in Pawling, New York. He had no physical injuries. He had just flown too many missions; he had wounds that show no scars; he had gone beyond his emotional endpoint. He wouldn't talk and was always severely depressed. The only thing he wanted was to be left alone. One day on her regular visiting rounds, a Gray Lady who was deeply worried about his condition queried, "Is there anything in the world that you want?" He said, "Yes, I want a dog, but I know I can't have it." She asked, "Why do you want a dog?" "Because I love dogs, and if I want to talk to the dog, it won't ask me a lot of silly questions." He had a dog by nightfall. He housebroke and trained it so that eventually it could sleep under his bed. This was the key to his rehabilitation. Eventually he went back to fly and fight again. But his having a dog also made for new problems. All the patients wanted a dog. So the rule was made anyone could have a dog if he would train it and care for it. This turned out to be one of many therapeutic innovations to the problems of the boys with flying fatigue who had flown too many missions.

The Air Force program was successful because of one man. He was called the personal physician. He had his office in the barracks where the casualties returning from combat lived after their hospitalization. On admission patients were told, "This is your family doctor. He is like your doctor at home. If you have any problems take them to him." I was visiting one of the convalescent centres in Spokane, Washington in late 1944 when I heard one of the most unusual case reports I had ever heard.

A young airman who was admitted to the centre from the South Pacific had a badly injured back and malignant malaria. He was told about his relationship with the doctor and within an hour after admission went to the doctor's office and said, "I want a two-day pass." The doctor said, "I can't give you a two-day pass, you have only been in the hospital an hour." "I have to have a pass," he said, "read this." And then handed him a letter which read. (Continued on page 148)

DR. RUSK, *opposite,* is a one-man pressure group—persistent and pretty irresistible—for the largest minority group in the world: the disabled. A big, scrubbed-up, reassuring man, he screens power and complexity with a sort of Midwest-modern courtliness. As director of New York University's Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine—a huge and handsome hospital known to most people as the Rusk Institute—he has done more than any single person to help the disabled find self-sufficient and dignified lives. Other doctors have said he simply "cares more." Caring, in fact, was what got Rusk hooked on rehabilitation. In 1942 he left his practice as a St. Louis internist to become a major in the Air Force Medical Corps where he discovered that the severely wounded, once treated, were forgotten and left to lethargy and boredom. A nagging awareness of the problem led him to retrain some of these men in service skills, teach new skills to others—to try everything even if it meant improvising. The nub of his personal philosophy, as he injects it into young medical students, is this: "If you only learn one thing, I hope you will learn to get the same satisfaction out of getting a hemiplegic out of a wet bed, getting him on his feet, and teaching him to communicate, that you get out of diagnosing some rare exotic disease." . . . Today the greatest single horror facing the disabled is the fact that few of them know where to find help though fifty establishments similar to the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine exist across the country, and five hundred hospitals and clinics have part of the program. In an effort to reach those who don't know, the Advertising Council of America, sparked by Dr. Rusk and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, has launched a massive campaign to direct the disabled or their families to contact, for advice where help and service can be obtained, a brand-new Washington office—HELP, Box 1200.



liz TAYLOR AND richard BURTON

what it's like to be walking investments

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

The usual fifth wedding-anniversary present is wood. In the case of Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor, a couple who give each other yachts and $300,000 diamond rings on ordinary days, this wouldn't seem to be quite the thing, unless, I suppose, one of them managed to come up with a piece of the True Cross. It's hard to speculate on this level. I remember once talking to a real Mrs. Rockefeller, who told me that she and her husband kept an apartment in New York though they lived out of town because it was "cheaper than a hotel"—than buying a hotel? renting one?—and also, poor thing, that their constant travelling took it out of her because (this was some years ago) their plane wasn't pressurized. This is the kind of conversation that can haunt you for months—what do you say to someone whose plane isn't pressurized? But, of course, this was comparatively old money speaking, and people with old money are often driven by a sense of social guilt, humility, personal modesty to pretend that things are equal between you: The lady in question had harlequin eyeglasses like a school teacher and dangling earrings that looked like anything but pure gold. With the Burtons there's no such pretense; in fact, there's not much pretense about anything. The money is brand new, brought to them presumably in bushel baskets straight from the bank, scattering as it goes, and all over the world newspapers and magazines show us Elizabeth and Richard lavishing themselves with gold, silver, jewels, furs, oil paintings, villas, love, like a pair of gods gaily dumping cornucopias on each other.

I imagine it's some sort of tribute to romantic marriage that the Burtons needed each other to be writ so large. Or would be, if anybody could figure out what they wanted to be writ so large *for*. Though maybe they didn't, maybe it was all a cosmic accident and, like the rest of us, they've merely gone along for the ride. As it happens, with this pair one speculation inevitably leads to another, like a can of cleanser showing a Dutch girl holding a can of cleanser showing a Dutch girl holding a can of cleanser, et cetera, and this can be spiritually unsettling. (I once heard of a little boy who started to cry after infinity was explained to him.) In fact, almost the one sure thing you can say about them—except that they love to spend money—is that before they met each was a star of quite ordinary magnitude. She, first a pretty girl with bushy eyebrows, boring unless you were crazy about Black Beauty and horses in general. Then the conventional Hollywood fairy-tale bride, saying things on the order of, "When Nick Hilton and I floated down the aisle, I thought it was for keeps." Then the conventional Hollywood matron, married to Michael Wilding: "We led a very quiet life, worried about money problems, two babies were born." (I imagine they also played cards.)

Then Mrs. Mike Todd—here she begins to swell a bit, take on an interesting dimension, have her own plane, fight in public—then a very little Mrs. Eddie Fisher, sitting in bulging slacks and sporty blouse on her husband's lap. (This was a romance that took place in Grossinger's, evidently between courses.) Always beautiful, of course—I remember looking at those pictures of her being carted off to a London hospital with her famous pneumonia and thinking that she looked better half-dead than I did on my way to a party. He, somewhat more respectable intellectually, probably on account of that Welsh accent and some vague association with Dylan Thomas, about whom one remarked at parties, "Yes, well, he was awfully good in *Look Back in Anger*." Then they meet, presumably on that enormous billboard, and the legend begins, which by now can be dipped into anywhere, like a Greek frieze (deep freeze?): paparazzi swarming all over the place, telescopic shots of two people in bathing suits making sweaty love on top of a Roman yacht (one in full Cleopatra eye makeup), Eddie hurt, Sybil loyal, Debbie vindicated, Richard surly, the usual Congressman insisting that Burton's visa be revoked on moral grounds, a semi-defiant liaison in London (same hotel, separate suites), the Taylor-Fisher divorce, and finally, a small wedding, followed soon after by Burton's revelation that he is a bleeder—which, I take it, was less a comment on his emotional state than on the fact that from then on everything about him would be page-one news. As it was.

No one who saw those thousands of people jammed into 46th Street when Burton played *Hamlet*, jostling each other for a second's glimpse of him and her, mounted cops twitching their horses, could doubt that they were witnessing one phenomenon come to witness another. Even now when the illicit quality of the relationship has faded, except for a spicy background flavour, everything remotely connected with the Burtons re-

mains newsworthy, from her hairdresser's wedding to their chauffeur's son's funeral, to their removal from their London hotel to their yacht in order to keep their quarantined dogs company: All events carefully reported in *The New York Times* and read by me at breakfast time, though maybe I respect the *Times* more in these matters than I should. It's the morning.

And still, the Burtons remain the most mysterious couple in the world (with them, superlatives come easily). A pair of purloined letters hiding out in the open. For one thing, it's impossible to imagine what it must be like to lead a life like theirs. One's mind immediately becomes a junkyard of yard goods and services. Mink coats, hairdressers, Rolls-Royces, jewellery, retinues, secretaries, producers chewing cigars, yachts, all in profusion—which to anybody who's ever cleaned a closet already has the makings of a nightmare. What can it be like to be a walking investment —*Cleopatra* is said to have cost half the endowment of Princeton, though you could claim it was an education in itself—to have millions of dollars hang on the state of your complexion, your digestion, your hangovers, not even to mention the consequent possibility of never being spoken an honest or disinterested word to from one day to the next? How does it feel to waft through the clouds in your own huge luxurious jet ("It's the only way to travel," she says), followed by a little helicopter to match, the point about both these craft being that they not only involve money and an interior decorator but crews, which in turn involves another huge quartermastering problem, like where do they all eat and sleep while they're waiting, and why are they working for you instead of, say, Eastern?

What's it like never to be able to take a walk without photographers following you, or, for that matter, casually drop in at a party? Doesn't all private conversation come as an anticlimax? (My mother used to wonder what undertakers wished each other at banquets, and perhaps this isn't inapt.) Can it be that even in bed, knees up, watching television, the Burtons maintain the same level of rhetoric as in those interminable interviews they are always giving on the nature of their love? "Elizabeth, you're so beautiful. You excite me. Your beauty, your strangeness, your perversity . . . there's something unusual about you." "Richard, our love comes to me in waves." To quickly return to the anniversary: What do presents mean if you can have anything you want? Why would you *want* to have anything you want?

Curiously, the half of the couple who suffers most in such speculations is Burton, toward whom you start out being sympathetic and wind up being rather dubious. One important thing must first be said in his favour: The man does have a lovely lilting Welsh *chutzpeh* to him. He is a celebrated and beguiling raconteur with fascinating anecdotes, none of which turns out to be altogether exactly reliable. Better than this, here is a man who was once even capable of maintaining in an interview with Kenneth Tynan that he had never been unfaithful to his wife Sybil for one moment, either physically or spiritually, all the while that Taylor was flitting in and out of his hotel room in pink pyjamas and no makeup. (The clue here being the makeup, naturally, not the pyjamas.) It's quite possible Burton believed every word at the time. It's also possible that he was still in a state of shock at what had so recently happened to him on the set of *Cleopatra,* because it's evident that the poor fellow had no real idea what he was getting into. That is, it's one thing to be amorously inclined toward your leading ladies—which is really only a pleasant and practical approach to the Method, as even patient Sybil seems to have understood it—but quite another to fire the first shot at Sarajevo. As he is said to have asked, how was *he* supposed to know the woman could knock Khrushchev off the front page?

But this still doesn't explain what he *really* sees in her (a question that I suppose my husband would say only a woman would ask). Beautiful? Already admitted, amply endowed by nature in all departments—she even has a double set of eyelashes—and, alas, she also has a double chin.

In that same interview Burton airily referred to an excess of thigh and such, and when you think about it, that famous diamond ring does sit on a very pudgy finger. Sexy? Here it's best to be polite and take his word for it, because in all these Cinemascope partings of the curtain all that ever registers is a kind of magnified boredom. Does he really think she can act? He once wrote a rather touching essay on *Becket* in *Life* in which he paid tribute to Elizabeth Taylor as a great film actress. This impressed me very much because I had always thought Elizabeth Taylor was a terrible actress (except, for some peculiar reason, in *A Place in the Sun*) and assumed she had won her Oscar for pneumonia.

So I went to see her next picture and—she was terrible. By now they're both terrible, as anyone who has seen *Boom* can testify, though *Boom,* to add another mystery to this confusion, was directed by Joseph Losey who is even able to handle Pinter brilliantly. Can it be that they all thought it was art because they shot it in Sardinia? Or, to return to the basic Burton legend—that he sacrificed a brilliant acting career for love of a dumb broad—can it be that he didn't actually make so much of a sacrifice? I think back to the *Becket* essay, which was sweet and literate, and then on to the *Becket* movie, which was diffuse and boozy. Burton's admirers, of whom there are many, usually explain away this kind of fiasco by pointing out that his greatest asset as an actor is his voice, a resource obviously untappable by any movie, no matter how good or bad. The problem here being that this brings us back to the stage and that famous *Hamlet* so elevated by the direction of Sir John Gielgud, so defiled by the mob. Unfortunately, it's not sufficient for an actor to aspire to *Hamlet,* he must also play it. In art, good intentions don't count, only performance. The night that I went to see Burton in *Hamlet,* his performance was awful—blustering and hollow, full of show business *shtick.*

Okay, there's no law that says a man has to be an actor all his life—the more cerebral ones soon turn to direction—and who among us is enough of a philosopher king to insist that it's nobler for Richard Burton to be a good actor than a universal phenomenon? On the other hand, to paraphrase Eudora Welty, if Burton's so smart why does he want to be *that* rich? . . . I have a sense of him glaring: handsome, blue-eyed, pockmarked. The man does have a certain authority. Let me put it this way. He used to talk about doing *King Lear.* Now it's *Macbeth.*

When you turn to Elizabeth Taylor, things immediately take on a livelier hue. I don't know what kind of unspeakable MGM childhood she had, though I can imagine—no, I can't imagine—but one interesting result of it is that she seems to think Richard Burton is Jewish. "I looked on Benny Thau and Jules Goldstone as my fathers," and, as we all know, you go on looking for your fathers everywhere, particularly if your own is rather ambiguous and your mother, for all your loyal defense of her, sounds like one of the stage mothers of all time. She has other reasons too, of course. Burton comes on as an intellectual (in admiration of which she once gave him the complete Everyman bound in calf at a cost of $10,000, which must preclude reading any of it); he's easily depressed; he seems to crack out a Jewish great grandparent whenever he's being interviewed in New York.

Beyond this, there is her deep and abiding passion for the underdog; one of the Mike Todd stories that moved her most was how as a child he nourished himself on sugar and ketchup stolen from cafeteria tables, and she clearly regards Burton as having worked (Continued on page 147)



THE SKIN
AROUND YOU

and what's around it... a silver harness hung with chains. Moving with the body. Allowing it to reach, free and lissome, for the stars. Body ornament—the new silvery freedom—designed by Arline Fisch. Courtesy of Lee Nordness Galleries.

WALDECK

THE SKIN AROUND YOU can be young at any age

"No spring nor summer beauty hath such grace as I have seen in one autumnal face." So spoke the English poet, John Donne, centuries before we learned what we know now. ***Skin can be young at any age.*** Skin need never grow old. Although the brightest skins enroll in a Head Start program, skin can also improve itself in an adult education course. As far as its texture and quality and clarity are concerned, skin is not affected by time. Because it renews itself, replaces itself, replenishes itself. ***Every nineteen days or so young skin gets a new shot at life.*** That's the cycle within which skin sloughs off, new cells chase away the old cells, from the lower layers, the Subdermis and the Dermis, to the top layer, Epidermis. And Epidermis is ***the skin you feel, the skin they see.*** So, to have a new top layer—as you do, in effect, nearly twenty times a year—is to get a new chance for skin beauty. . . . We speak here not of expression wrinkles nor the toll of gravity. Not of plastic surgery nor chemosurgery nor dermabrasion. No extraordinary measures. Just the feel and the look facts of skin, plus the informed, every-day procedures that can help keep a skin healthy, wealthy, and wise—throughout the time of its life. . . . ***Skin is not static.*** It is constantly changing and, well kept, it can be changing for the better. That's why you often see a woman of fifty with a complexion much more dazzling than her thirty-year-old daughter. The older woman has taken care, whether she knows it or not. She has somehow or other done the right thing about these skin-moving matters: ***sun, circulation, moisture, tension, weight variations, exercise, diet—and, perhaps most important, discipline. . . .*** She has ***outwitted the sun.*** However appalling it is to contemplate, an increasing army of medicine men are blaming the whole skin-aging process on those ultraviolet rays the sun sends forth. If the sun gets in deep enough to damage cells, those cells in turn will generate damaged cells. And a damaged cell is simply not as attractive nor as smooth as a whole cell. . . . Now does this mean that you can't ever go out to play again on a golden strand? Not if you call in all available troops for a counterattack. ***Melanin*** is in charge of strategy here. Melanin, roughly translated, is pigment, the pigment that sets up a tan. Unfortunately, lots of melanin is something you either have or have not. If you were born dark- or olive-skinned, you've got more melanin, more built-in protection, going for you. Which is why Orientals and Negroes look younger than Caucasians. Which is why blondes "show their age" sooner than most brunettes. In medical experi- (Continued next page)

NEW GOLD RUSH. RUSH TO GLOW. *The glow about it is the* ***WARM AS THE WESTERN SUN*** *news on the current, casually going face. Blushed with a wave of colour that sets a brand-new gold standard. It's all part of the new see-through beauty prospects from Estée Lauder. Prospects that make the face apparent through clear veilings of colour. Fresh-air colour to stir up let's-fly-to-the-hills longings. As here: a sunny stroking of Sierra Sun going under Mountain Poppy Go-Blush. And deep Sunset Glow lipstick gloss-gilding the new mouth. Coiffure: Joseph for Nan Orcel. City-slicking duds: purple silk shirt. Sarff-Zumpano. At Bonwit Teller. Goldguard: Jax snap-strap leather Aussie hat. Fingering: lapis and turquoise, Seaman Schepps.*

LAURENT





The skin around you

(Continued from preceding page) ments, even the dark-dark showed significant skin aging from over-exposure to sun. Everybody requires some kind of sun protection. But the fair-fair—those who burn and never tan or burn first before tanning—must keep a constant vigil, pick their sun lotions and creams with a selective eye. New sun blocks screen out completely every potential scarring ray. For the fairest of them all, the sagest move is possibly an artificial tan. New and fascinating chemical magic produces a fake but quite believable brownness harmlessly, right at your dressing table. . . . ***Good skin, like good news, circulates fast.*** The cellophane-thin top layer can be and ought to be translucent. Seeing through it to the lively blood in the layer below is responsible for the rosiness that gives a girl tone. Consistent recharging of circulation determines not only the skin's vitality but the plumpness of the elastic fatty tissues beneath. ***Coax circulation along.*** Tap it gently. Masque it frequently. Take it to a salon for facials. Lying head down on a slant board can be almost an instant cosmetic. So can anything that stimulates. A splash of hot water, then a splash of cold. Friction creams. And, in addition to what you do directly to your face: walk, jog, and run for your face life. . . . "I am confident," one august cosmetic scientist told us, "that knowledgeable massage, regular facials, and physical exercise add to the young-looking skin. It encourages the old cells to shed more rapidly and it stimulates new growth." Another doctor pointed out: "An older man's skin is apt to look younger than his twin sister's because he's had the daily manipulation that goes with shaving. Furthermore, the scraping itself (Continued on page 154)



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENTS

Now that wiglets, braidings, postiches are a permanent part of the hairscape: the elegant way to keeping, carrying is Vuitton's small wig-box. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue.

Angel-skin school, class of now. Heavenly way to win stars now: the newest of facial masques, Alexandra de Markoff's Masque d'Elixir. Used whenever the skin—of any age—and the psyche call for it, this delicious raspberry-scented ***ROUTINE FOR A*** *soufflé films on like, looks like,* ***YOUNG-SKINNED*** *the lightest skin-tone foundation. Minutes* ***BEAUTY*** *later, fun to massage off (gently) with a puff-like sponge. Effect: the halo-winning, rosy glow results above. More angelica: this coquette's circle of paillettes, her variation of the caste mark. Sleek, angel-braided hair, Alan of Kenneth. Body Jewelry (on brow) by Thomas Robbins.*

LOVE LOVE LOVE *What's Beatlosophy* ***ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE*** *today is the world's refrain tomorrow. Our pensive beauty, right, plans her private love-not-war thing with the aid of Lovelids, Loveshines, Lovesticks—loving little weapons from Menley & James. Doing her own thing she breaks down resistance thus: Traces Lovelids shadow white under brow, along lashline, blue in lid fold. Blushes everywhere a rosy Roselight with Loveshines blusher. Cools mouth to an Iced Beige via pretty cool Lovestick lipstick. More on the story of, the glory of Love on page 10. Hair, Joseph of Nan Orcel. Sarff-Zumpano blouse and fringed shawl. Pakula rings.*



BEAUTY
bulletin

Two young naturals: Ro Anne Nesbitt and Carol La Brié

Short stretch, *left*, soaring skyward.
Long stretch, *right*, pouring
right down to earth. Both:
stretches of Afro hair
imagination. Black hair,
free as the southeast wind, does
what comes natural. What might
that be? You name it.
Just as "black" skins range through a
jewelled spectrum of colour, pale topaz
through jet onyx, "black" hair
has its own infinite variations.
And Harold Melvin of Casdulan,
125th Street hair artist who designed
the hair on these and the following
pages, has infinite inventiveness
with them. "With black hair, all is
relevant, nothing is out except
dullness," seems to be his
philosophy. For Ro Anne Nesbitt,
left, deep-amber dancer, he
worked up this spectacular
Dynel wig, the carbonated froth
of hair known as The Afro—or
The Natural. "Actually her own
hair is very much like this. But
a wig gives it more controllable
drama and volume."
For the fluid sweep and grace of
Carol La Brié, *right*, a light-amber
dancer with a "neatly organized
body," Harold started with her
naturally straight hair.
That's what comes natural to her.
("Lots of blacks *are* born with
straight hair," said Harold, whose
own hair was born Afro and gets
worn that way.) To her straight hair,
he attached a free-falling ponytail,
five-foot-plus of Dynel braids
decked with great poufs of real Afro hair.
Harold's not one to equivocate
with any head's potential glory....



The great knit spring is on, taking off here and soaring for six more pages and twice that many months, with the kind of all-time fashion that makes a spring a year-round thing. Navy knit pants suit, left: a little snapdashio wrap-sashio coat, cuffed and edged in white, with a mile of fringed white silk scarf and a bell-pull rope over the widest navy pants. By Holly Park of Limerick; wool knit. About $110. At Bonwit Teller; Bullock's, San Fernando. David St. David scarf. Sant' Angelo belt. Both belt and scarf at Bonwit Teller. An Xtra little something, right—bands of white crisscrossing the small top of a swingy black wool knit. Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear. About $65. Bloomingdale's Sutton Place; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus. Pakula rings. Coiffures on all eight pages: Harold Melvin of Casdulan.

PENATI


THE HIT
KNITS

THE HIT KNITS

A good-news kind of knit, near right: wool coat-and-dress turnout that really turns out, months running—white-dotted navy coat with ruffled white cuffs, nice finish for the ruffle-collared white dress underneath. By Cisa. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Harzfeld's; Frederick & Nelson. Socks at Bloomingdale's. A little lacing does a lot, far right—holding the plunge of a small sleeveless white knit dress with a low white leather belt that's laced a little, too. By Andiamo, of polyester. About $45. At Town & Travel; Nan Duskin.

PENATI



THE HIT KNITS

Cash in on small checks, left, with the kind of little knit that you wear and wear and wear...on its own or with a white shirt and belt added, as here. Black and white edged in white piqué. By Promenade, of acetate and nylon. About $55. At Best & Co.; Frost Bros.; The Broadway. Shirt by Jaeger. Sant' Angelo bracelet. Roman Stripe socks. Hush Puppies shoes. T-shirt checks, below left: small wool knit skimming along from now till whenever, in black and white rimmed with narrow black knit. Dress by Cadillac. About $65. At Altman's; Frost Bros.; The Broadway. Christian Dior knee socks. Buckled shoes by Golo. Go-round stripes, near right: navy-and-white T-top and bounce of skirt, elasticized waist holding close in between. By Goldworm, of Trevira. About $65. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan. Pakula ring. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Shoes by Latinas. The knit coat, far right: small and easy as a dress in brass-buttoned black wool, nifty belted over a crisp white shirt, cuffs and collar showing bright. Coat by Francesca for Damon. About $140. At Best & Co. Jaeger shirt. Sant' Angelo bracelet. Berkshire knee socks. Latinas shoes. Belts, both pages, by Calderon.



THE HIT KNITS

Knit witty, right, white cotton knit jumpsuit with pink-and-brown wool jersey insets—collar, cuffs, pockets, and mock bikini pantie. By Avagolf. About $150. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Sandals by Golo. The polo-shirtdress, opposite above, classic good looks in fresh white knit, belted here twice with leather and chain. By Gino Paoli, of polyester. About $45. At Best & Co.; Gus Mayer; Montaldo's. Both of the belts, by Calderon. The navy-and-white idea, opposite right, always a bright one, and super here in sleeveless knit with white buttons and a belt set in above easy pleats. By Thayer, of Trevira. About $65. Altman's; Henry Harris; Nordstrom Best. Pakula rings. Archer-Nuweave socks. Hush Puppies shoes.





On a heroine's odyssey—Penelope Tree pauses for six dream-misted pages of fashion in the lake-jewelled Valley of Kashmir, where, flanked by snow-crowned Himalayas, "the translucent green water is miraculously clear and clean…you can see the fish swimming, and the mountains seem to be growing inside the lake." THROATBANDED TUNIC, left, of bloomy red silk, belted with a fringe of chrome tassels over little matching britches and blue suède boots. Turnout by Deanna Littell, of Liberty of London printed silk. At Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus; Amelia Gray. Belts by Larry Reiter for Andrew Geller Boutique; Robert Originals. THE VEIL OF KASHMIR, right: In a transparent orchid-chiffon dreamshirt—turquoise-buttoned and tabbed, girdled with golden chains—Penelope looks across Dal Lake to the garden of Shalimar, steadying her stance with a heart-shaped paddle. Nightshirt by Eve Stillman, of polyester chiffon (Cohama fabric). About $19. At Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop; Jacobson's, Michigan. Bagatelle belt.


FANTASTREE
IN KASHMIR
PHOTOGRAPHED
BY DAVID BAILEY



FANTASTREE IN KASHMIR

CLEOPATREE, above, in cloth of gold, her barge a canopied *shikara* that plies the calm of Wular Lake near Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir....Tiny choli top above a bare jewel-wrapped midriff, skirt like molten gold, serpentine twists on the arm. By Cleopatra Broumand, of wool, silk, and metallic knit. To order at Bonwit Teller S'fari Room; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus. Robert Originals headband. Jules Van Rouge necklace. Sant' Angelo ropes on arm. Belts by K. J. L., Mimi di N. Trifari ring.

MUSE ON FARTHER SHORES, left, in golden cotton-velvet skirt and turquoise organza shirt—transparency covered with a little embroidered velvet bolero and the caliph's jewels—from the heart of a pillow-stacked hayboat. Dress and bolero by Perfect Negligee. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Swanson's; Sakowitz. Robert Originals necklace; Marvella chain. Belts by K. J. L., Calderon. Pin by Capri. K. J. L. ring.

DAVID BAILEY

FANTASTREE IN KASHMIR

FLOAT PATTERNS, above: jewel-wrapped silk-print tunic plunged over wide pants... Penelope's Kashmiri-carpeted boat afloat on a carpet of greenery fringing Wular Lake. Pyjama by Mollie Parnis, Tzaims Luksus T&M fabric, Saks Fifth Avenue. Nan Duskin Gidding Jenny, Neiman-Marcus. Jack Gilbert beads.

CASTAWAY, right: on a tiny lake island just big enough for Penelope to spread her magic carpets and let down her hair—a shiny blond fantas Tree falling on a jump suit in bright broad bands of Dacron and cotton voile. About $55.

From Paraphernalia. Christa scarf. Trifari chain. Belts: Corina, Calderon, Cadoro. Rings: Pakula, Maison de Fou, Marvella.

DAVID [illegible]



DENMARK

Martha Laycock, a nineteen-year-old English beauty of clear grey gaze, long dark hair, and miles of marvellous leg, looks fresh as a daisy in Danish ready-to-wear—young and here and now, it's on everybody's wavelength, whatever the shore.... *Above:* Little white shirt-coat of worsted gabardine, tabbed and belted and simply smashing. About $100. Christian Dior knee socks. Charles Jourdan brogues (ribbon added). *Top of page:* Teeny white cotton knit dress like a baby's T-shirt, buttoned on one shoulder. About $36. Archer-Nuweave knee socks. Latinas Mary Janes. *Opposite page, left:* Small skirt, shirtdress of yellow cotton knit, plackered and four times flap-pocketed. About $45. Archer-Nuweave white knee socks. Latinas brogues. *Opposite page, top:* Short skirt and long belted jacket of black worsted gabardine with white keeping it in stitches and in buttons. About $110. Christian Dior knee socks. Latinas shoes.

ALEXIS WALDECK

YOUNG NEW READY-TO-WEAR COUNTRY. EXPLORED BY MARTHA LAYCOCK

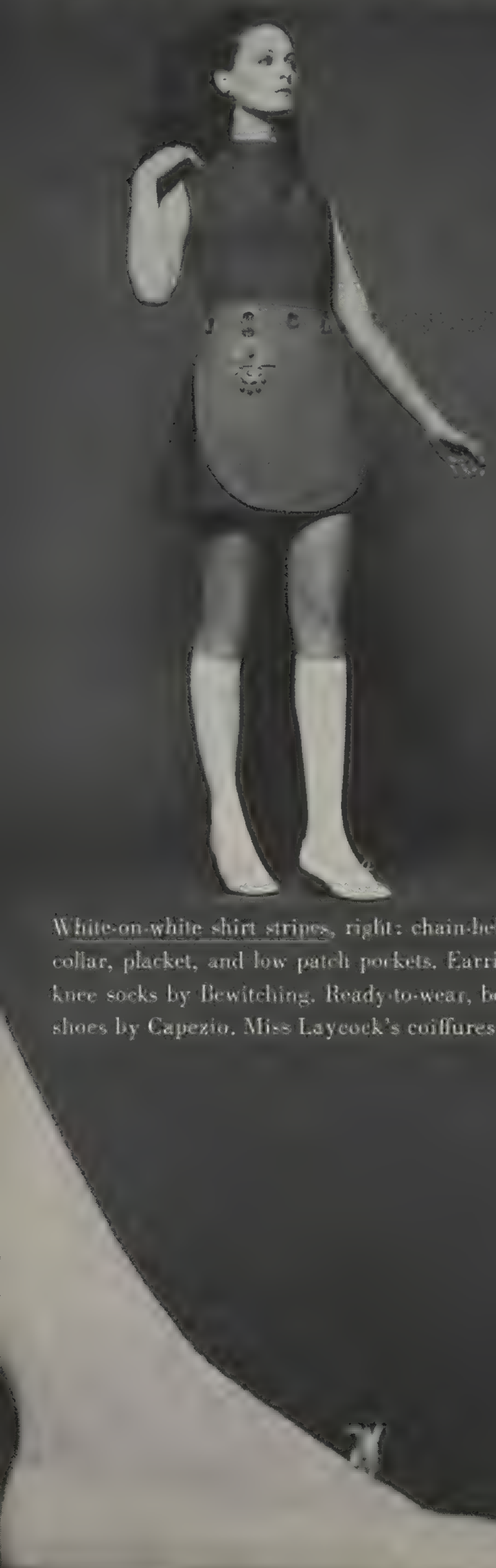
Centre of page: Bright red shirtdress of blossom-embossed cotton – pocketed, placketed, buttoned, belted. About $40. Archer-Nuweave socks. Latinas shoes. *Far right:* Beige worsted gabardine shirtcuffed coat with silvery V's pointing out tab-collar and pleated patch pockets. About $100. Ruza Creations bag. Archer-Nuweave socks. Charles Jourdan brogues (ribbon added). Both pages: Margit Brandt designs for Kinetic International – at Bergdorf Goodman.


ALEXIS WALDECK

SPAIN

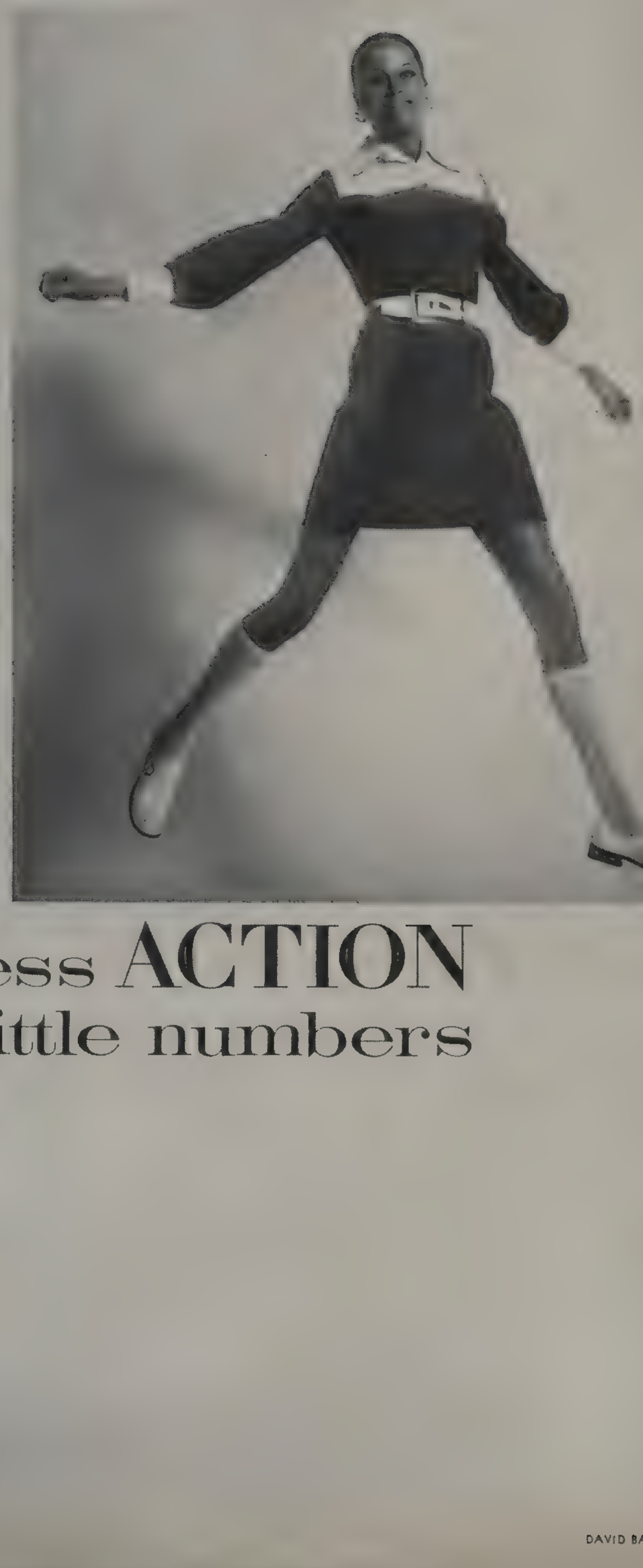
READY-TO-WEAR THERE — FRESH CURVED TAILORING BY ELIO BERHANYER, WORN BY MARTHA LAYCOCK





Zip-zap shirtdress, far left: short-sleeved white linen with collar zipper, curved hipzip pockets; the waist held with a wide white leather belt. K. J. L. earrings. Sandor Goldberger rings. White ribbed knee socks by Bewitching. Shirtdress spots, opposite page, above: small and silky black with white collar, cuffs, and coin-spots, and a curve to the hem like the tuck-in of a man's shirt. Bergère earrings. Archer-Nuweave socks. Apron-dress, near left, in navy linen with curve—a round red apron with metal-bound cheery O's rounding the waist. Pin on apron by American Authentics. Archer-Nuweave white knee socks. White-on-white shirt stripes, right: chain-belted cotton shirtdress, curved and curved—collar, placket, and low patch pockets. Earrings by Marvella. Belt by Calderon. White knee socks by Bewitching. Ready-to-wear, both pages, designed by Elio Berhanyer. All shoes by Capezio. Miss Laycock's coiffures by Marc Sinclaire of Charles of the Ritz.

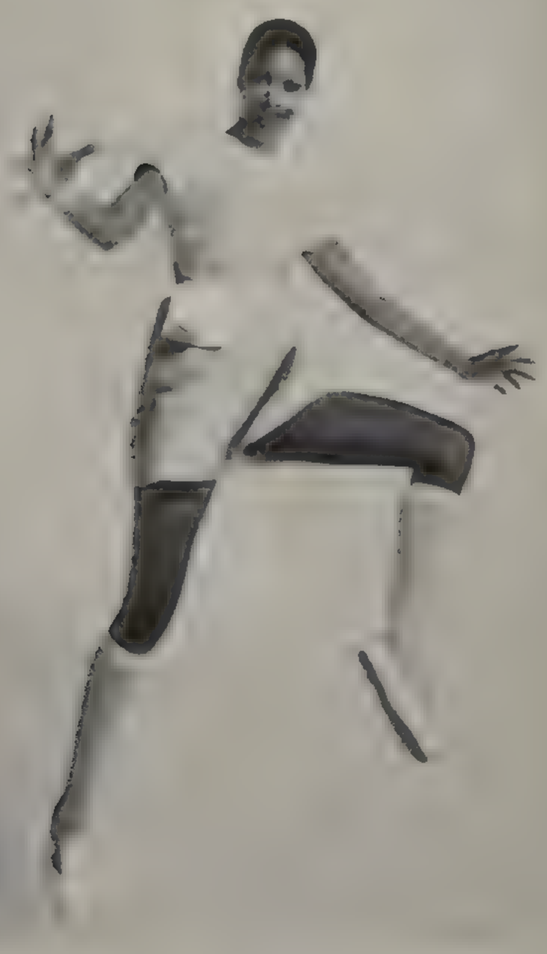




the dress ACTION
lucky little numbers

DAVID BAILEY

Blade of a shirtdress, far left, coming up for spring in light grass-green Dacron with wide sleeves and a neat little schoolgirl collar. By Nardis of Dallas. About $60. Joske's, San Antonio; The Broadway. Marvella earrings. Elaine Starkman wristband. Calderon belt. Berkshire knee socks. Mario Valentino shoes: Henri Bendel. The shirtdress goes West, centre, sharp-shooter navy with cowboy touches of white everywhere. Lanz, of Fortrel and cotton. Junior sizes. About



$36. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Castlecliff earrings. Calderon belt. Adler knee socks. Latinas shoes. Here's where it's at, left below: the shirtdress action in turquoise—light, bright, and ready to go. Wilroy; a Bandura dress of nylon (Robaix fabric). About $50. Lord & Taylor; Sakowitz. Inside Outlet belt. Roman Stripe knee socks. Brown kidskin shoes by Mario Valentino: Henri Bendel. Wrap it up, above—wrapped yellow wool jersey and a white leather bag-belt. Maggi Browning for Fantasy Designs. About $85. Henri Bendel; Swanson's. Bag-belt: Ben King. Archer-Nuweave socks. Shoes by Nina. The coatdress whirl, above left—a swing of turquoise wool knit with a stand-up collar, wide white belt, and bouncy double pleat. Mam'selle by Betty Carol (Lebanon fabric). About $90. Franklin Simon; Jordan Marsh, Florida; J. W. Robinson. Calderon belt. Adler knee socks. Golo shoes. Coiffure: Christopher of Vidal Sassoon. All other coiffures on these two pages: Hugh Harrison with Cleopatra hairpieces.



Gilt buttons everywhere and the clean flash of white, left, to zing-up a navy worsted coat: white stock, white leather belt, white cuffs, and more white than meets the eye—a white dress underneath, trimmed in navy. Arbé designed by Dorothy Arden; Empire Woolen Mills fabric, loomed in America. About $160. Best & Co.; Joseph Horne; L. S. Ayres; Sakowitz. Monet earrings. Glentex scarf. Calderon belt (coat comes with its own).

Side-closed in white, above, a navy dress as bright as its buttons—the kind of dress you love to wear, worn here with the sparkle of white: a white stock tied at the throat and a white belt. By Alison; Stevens Hockanum wool. About $80. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan. Marvella earrings. Emily Wetherby scarf. Belt: Elegant. Berkshire knee socks. Mario Valentino shoes: Henri Bendel. Coiffures, here and at left: Hugh Harrison.

The real navy way to wear navy, right—a pea-jacket coat over a sleeveless navy wool jumpsuit and a white turtleneck to brighten everything. By Jaeger. Jumpsuit (about $85) and coat (about $110) of double-knitted wool; turtleneck (about $23) of Courtelle. All at Bergdorf Goodman; Goldwaters; I. Magnin. K.J.L. earrings. Christopher of Vidal Sassoon coiffure.

DAVID BAILEY

the bright white ACTION
with navy



the shirt ACTION
right with everything







The shirt with weskit and pants, far left: off-white crêpe under navy gabardine held by tasselled gilt chains. Oscar de La Renta Boutique. Pants and weskit of Stevens Hockanum wool, loomed in America. Blouse of acetate and rayon crêpe. About $225. At Saks Fifth Avenue; G. Fox; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's. White leather boots by Latinas. The shirt-with-jumper dress, left: a one-piece dress that looks just like a shirt and jumper—wide white collar and sleeves on black with a drawstring waist anchored by a white bow. Sue Brett, of Celanese acetate (Crown fabric). Junior sizes. About $28. Arnold Constable; Sanger-Harris; Bullock's, all stores. Jewelled Maltese cross by K. J. L. Gilt chain: American Authentics. The shirt with a jumpercoat, right: black wool chained and zipped over a full-sleeved white crêpe shirt. Sleeveless coat and matching black skirt (not shown) of Kent Avery wool, loomed in America. Shirt of acetate and rayon crêpe. All by Anne Klein. About $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Higbee's; Neiman-Marcus; Nordstrom Best. Belts by Mimi di N, Pakula, Bergère, and House of Joy. All coiffures, by Hugh Harrison with Cleopatra hairpieces.

DAVID BAILEY



The cool explosion of twentieth-century French and American painting and sculpture with African sculpture in the New York apartment of the Burton G. Tremaines. Above, left, Robert Delaunay's 1912 "Premier Disk"; behind the sofa. African throwing knife and a John Chamberlain squeezed painted sculpture; flanking the fireplace, left, a Morris Louis striped painting, with, right, the Willem de Kooning "Villa Borghese," 1960, and, hanging on the fireplace wall, an Upper Volta antelope headdress. Standing at left of fireplace, a Senufo female figure; on mantelpiece, a James Seawright electrical sculpture. At right, "Julie," 1963, red painting with blue tattoo by Larry Poons.

DECISIVE ART COLLECTION

THE BURTON G. TREMAINES' PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE, EXULTANT AND MASTERFUL, OF THE 1960'S

GRIGSBY



THE TREMAINE COLLECTION

BY GENE BARO

Art collecting is all things to all men. For some, it satisfies a magpie instinct, for others a social or financial drive. Some collectors buy in order to give and bequeath, making a memorial out of their benefactions. Few can be said to collect with disinterest—that is, unselfconsciously—as a natural response to their experience of the visible world.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton G. Tremaine, junior, are in this rare category. For them, art is not *the* thing or even a thing apart but is indistinguishable from the rich flux of intellectual and sensual life. Really to see is to feel and to think, to be alert to oneself and what is about one.

Both husband and wife are inquiring and committed; they are in their early sixties, have far-flung business interests and a steady sense of the public responsibilities that go with position and wealth. He is from Cleveland, a tall, commanding figure built in the American mould, a man of action with the look we associate with the comradeship and open-handedness of our wide-open spaces. She is small beside him, simply but elegantly groomed, intensely feminine under a matter-of-fact manner. Her deep voice is enriched by a marvellous chuckle like thunder too distant to be threatening. She has the subtlest of smiles.

The Tremaines have developed the ease and charm of Americans at home in the great world. Shuttling between a New York apartment and a Connecticut house, visiting one of their lighting factories in the East or Midwest or their three hundred thousand acres of ranch in Arizona, travelling abroad for work or for pleasure, they preserve a gift for reaching (Continued on page 150)



In the Tremaine city living room and dining room.
Opposite page: The unmistakable, highly polished bronze "Car Man" by Ernest Trova with, at its left, "Bougainvillaea," a stabile-mobile by Alexander Calder. The enormous Oceanic wooden sculpture, a New Hebrides "Tam Tam," and, on the wall, far left, the famous last statement of Piet Mondrian "The Victory Boogie-Woogie" with, nearer the right, "No. 8," 1952, yellow-and-red Mark Rothko painting. Far right, Paul Klee's "Departure of the Ghost." On the table, a Roy Lichtenstein ceramic head.
Above: At left, the Robert Rauschenberg painting "Windward" with, on the buffet-bar, a makimono (Japanese scroll) and box executed by Joan Miró. The makimono is etched and printed in colour, from sixty original blocks, on raw silk especially woven in Lyons and is an autobiographical summing-up of the important phases of Miró's career. Over the chest, Jackson Pollock's "Frieze."

THE TREMAINE COLLECTION

Above: New York library, vigorous and partly yellow, designed by John Bedenkapp. On left wall, shaped three-dimensional work, "View Across Down to the Left and Right," 1964, Charles Hinman. On the chest, at the left, a Robert Rauschenberg construction of 1958 and, at the right, "Box No. 51" by Lucas Samaras. On the right wall, three paintings: a yellow "Homage to the Square: Arrival," by Josef Albers, flanked on the left by "Blue Three: The Fisherman," 1964, by Richard Tuttle and on the right by Piet Mondrian's "Composition," 1935-1942. On the desk, two objects: a "Falling Man" box by Trova, and a chromed brass "Yellow Arc" by Gerald Laing.

Left: The city bedroom, gentle, relaxed. Over the beds, "White Flag," 1955-1958, by Jasper Johns. At the far left, on the high chinoiserie chest, a small steel sculpture by Norbert Kricke under "Blue Composition," 1959-1960, by Ad Reinhardt. Above the sofa, a Paris-period Wassily Kandinsky painting; on the right chest, a bronze by Jacques Lipchitz; above it, one of the Jean Dubuffet L'Hourloupe series; next to that, a watercolour by Robert Rauschenberg and, next, a John Marin watercolour.

GRIGSBY

Six views of the Connecticut house, each carefully composed, for that is the way the Tremaines see the gardens, the pool, the rooms. Above, top left: The quiet, remote Zen garden with only the porcelain enamel on steel "Brushwork" by Roy Lichtenstein and a small Arp marble. Above, top right: On the terrace, near the pool, "Water Ballet" by Mary Callery. Above, bottom left: A brilliantly original idea—in the garden hedge, a sculpture by Gio Pomodoro. Above, bottom right: Sculpture by Sol LeWitt. In the living room, below, left: "Triple Flag," 1958, by Jasper Johns over the sofa; at the far left, a Van Doesberg 1919 composition with a Juan Gris "Still Life." In the porch near the swimming pool, table set for luncheon, below, right: On the left wall a pair of drawings by Michel Seuphor, on the other wall Warhol's "Violin with Numbers"; on the table, a small Calder; at the window, dinner gong by Jean Tinguely and an Easter Island paddle.



THE TREMAINE COLLECTION

Three lively rooms in the Tremaine country house. Opposite page: Painting by Mark Rothko and a sixteenth-century Siamese head of Buddha with, right, a Larry Bell vacuum-coated glass sculpture. This page, right: In the garden, twelve-foot high "Salem VII," Cor-Ten steel cubes by Antioni Milkowski. Far right: The Connecticut house, with pool and addition designed by Philip Johnson. Centre: Glassed terrace, with, at left, a Trova maze, chrome figures and cryptic symbols in Plexiglas. Below, far right: Red dining room with eighteenth-century Venetian dining-room chairs; on table, a Lowestoft tureen; on the chest and in the niches, eighteenth-century Crown Derby porcelain. Over the chest, a Jasper Johns painting, "Device Circle," 1959. Over the fireplace, "Trading Stamps" by Andy Warhol. In the corner, a Warhol painting of a Campbell's soup can. Below, near right: "Fragments for the Gate to Times Square, No. I" by Chryssa, 1966.

GRIGSBY

THE TREMAINE COLLECTION

In the country the Tremaines' emphasis is greenery, space, freedom, and vistas for their sculpture and paintings. Above: The terrace and eighteenth-century barn converted to a music room by Philip Johnson. At far right, sculpture by Richard Stankiewicz. Right: This pocketbook-size partial history of contemporary art is in the converted barn. Left, on a white pedestal, a looped sculpture in red, yellow, black by José de Rivera; on left wall, a black-and-white painting by Franz Kline; up in the rafters, the Claes Oldenburg "Street Head," 1959, painted newspaper over wire frame; over the fireplace, "Zone" by James Rosenquist, flanked on the left by Georgia O'Keeffe's "New York Canyon" and on the right by Jean Arp's "Three-Navel Man," 1920, in Dada period; at the left of the fireplace, the Oldenburg 1961 "7 Up" and, right, three potted enormous flowers by Steve Vesey. Centre, a big wooden sculpture by Raoul Hague near the Mark di Suvero metal structure "dSSS." Below: The striking country guest bedroom; above the stove, a "Great American Nude" by Tom Wesselmann, to the right, the Roy Lichtenstein poster "Crying Girl"; on the floor, a great big Campbell's soup can—a commercial wastebasket; beyond the door, a small painting of a Campbell's soup can by Andy Warhol.

GRIGSBY



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Rome: Countess Crespi cables—"More and more girls arrive at a party, kick off their shoes and wander around with chains, bells, diamanté straps ornamenting their bare feet. . . . The criss-cross leather and jewel straps attached to a belt—like an X—are very 'alla moda.' This belt with straps will be carried on to next summer to be worn with transparent chiffon shirts. . . ."

London: Snips of fashion gossip . . . "Suède trousers, beautifully tailored, madly popular here. Light brown, soft grey. From Browns, 27 South Molton Street, W.1. Palest green, black, bitter chocolate, or warmish brown. From Annacat, 270 Brompton Road, SW3. (American version shown in this issue on page 80.) . . . Nylon stockings made to look like real old-fashioned silk ones in all colours. Made in USA. About $4, at Browns. . . . Twiggy has just opened a hair salon with manager Justin de Villeneuve and London star hairstylist Leonard. . . .

Paris: These jolly folks, right, are showing us the "Casatschok," a bit of group merriment being danced at the Nouvelle St. Hilaire. . . . Very allez-oop, non?



Los Angeles: Chér has never been more beautiful—her usually swingy-free gorgeous, black Indian hair now swept back into a low smooth chignon. . . . She looks like a figure from a mediaeval tapestry in the high apple-bosomed, long-trailing-trained, pointed-tapered-sleeved peignoirs she has made from cotton batik bed throws found for a few dollars on New York's Greenwich Avenue. . . . Sonny and Chér are expecting their first child any moment now. . . .

New York: Creative-on-a-nickel people are making their own chain belts of various lengths, links, found at hardware stores. Come summer, what about real rope and cork from boat stores? . . .

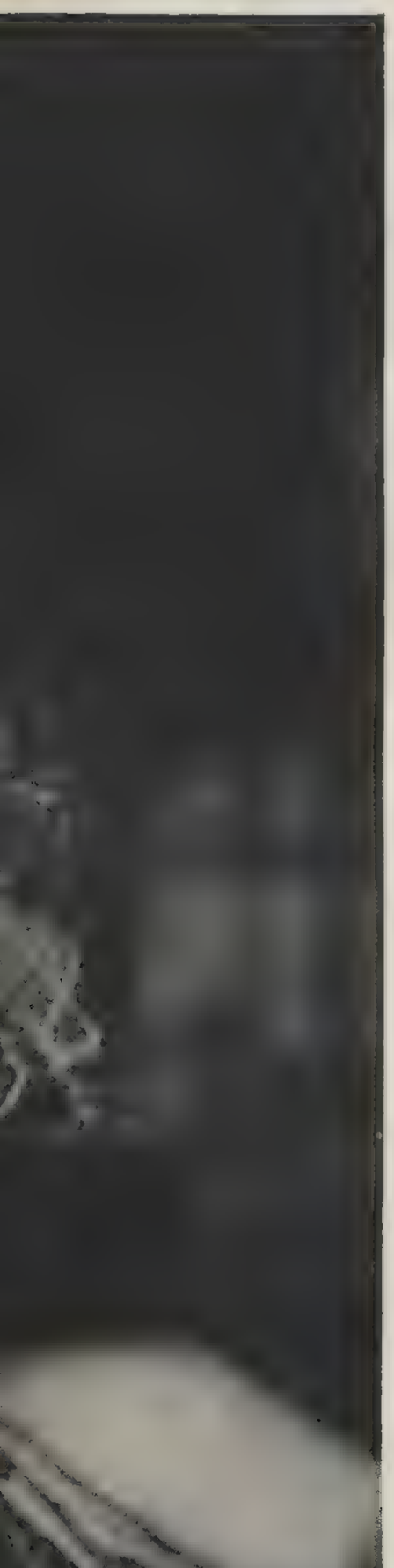
LOS ANGELES, NEW YORK, LONDON: THE REALLY SHARP BOUTIQUE BUNNIES ARE POSITIVELY RIVETTED ON SUÈDE . . . ALL THEY THINK ABOUT IS OWNING SUÈDE. . . .

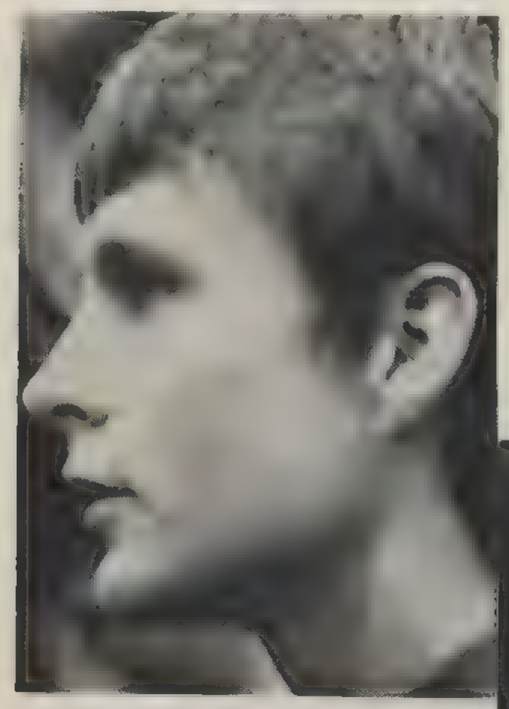


MAURICE HOGENBOOM

A head of hair—

is part of what makes anybody's look special—it's a way of saying "Hello, it's *me* here." . . . ***"I call it my Dr. Seuss look."*** Miss Christina, below left, dances, sings, writes with "The Mothers of Invention." She makes her own clothes out of doilies, patchwork quilts, print scarfs. She's been frizzing her hair for a long time—sometimes, like this, she bleaches it in squares so it's like a checkerboard "to match my patchwork skirt." . . . And sticks a few corkscrewed pipe cleaners, all different colours, into the twisty mass. . . .





No twin-ing intended. Chance photographs taken at a recent Los Angeles concert of "The Mothers of Invention"—there's ***John Phillip Law,*** above, of *The Sergeant,* and over there, ***Julie Driscoll,*** right, England's top rock lady—their hair clipped, shaped, precisely the same.



JACK ROBINSON



"It's really a goof." ***Lotti Golden,*** above, got herself a Dynel wig frizzed and cut like an Afro from Paul McGregor's, 15 St. Marks Place. She pulls it on over her own straight-as-a-line dark hair, just to keep warm. "But it's funny—when I wear it, people look at me—I can see they're thinking—'now is she or isn't she'—I love that. I feel really universal."

"We call it the 'Natural,' not the Afro." That's what Walter Fountaine, below, says of the expert cut and shaping he performs for ***actress, Cicely Tyson.*** Cicely, like several well-known theatrical girls, goes to Walter's salon on West 23rd Street to keep her natural hair in shape. Or to fool around with various Afro-frizzed hairpieces. It's fun. . . . Vidal Sassoon's London salon will carry some of Walter's hairpieces. The King's Road crowd wants to wear Afros, too. In other words, you don't have to be black to dig it. . . . Walter's salon is at 203 West 23rd Street. One flight up. . . .



ALEXIS WALDECK

More on next page

The unisex movement



EWA RUDLING

Sweden: above, the Rudling family, Bengt, his wife Diana, son Peder—all wearing tights and tunics of printed silk and cotton tricot designed and sold by the Mah-Jong boutique, Linnegatan/Nygatan, Stockholm. . . .

New York: right, Stephen Burrows is one of the first to design the any-sex, completely modern, clothes. This is his chrome-yellow, white wool jersey tunic and cuffed pants. $120, "O" Boutique, 236 Park Ave. So. . . .



CHARLES TRACY

Leave it to Sweden to lead. They don't have the complex that certain clothes are only for girls or boys. Equality really exists between men and women. . . .



Sweden: above, Bengt Rudling, wearing a black panne velvet cap for men or women. By Ulla Hannertz. Kronobergsgatan 9, Stockholm. His brown suède fringed shoulder bag, by Thomas Ingre, designed specifically for men but women order them too. Fasanwaegen 31, Nacka, Sweden. . . .

Who cares it's all the same—

New York: Who cares whether they were originally designed for women—men are buying the straight-leg well-cut Melton wool pants, completely lined in China silk. Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street. . . .

London: Who cares if they sell them in boutiques like the King's Road's, "Just Men." Girls are buying the tri-coloured, striped, webbing belts with double leather strap fastenings; the sleeveless V-neck Fair Isle patterned Shetland sweaters, such as little boys wear. . . .

Sweden: below, blond Gunilla Axen—with fashion artist, Gun Borgstrom—wearing courtelle jersey costumes Gunilla designs for men or women. Everything is interchangeable, inter-sexable. Manufactured by Broderna Liljeroths A.B., Boras, Sweden. . . .

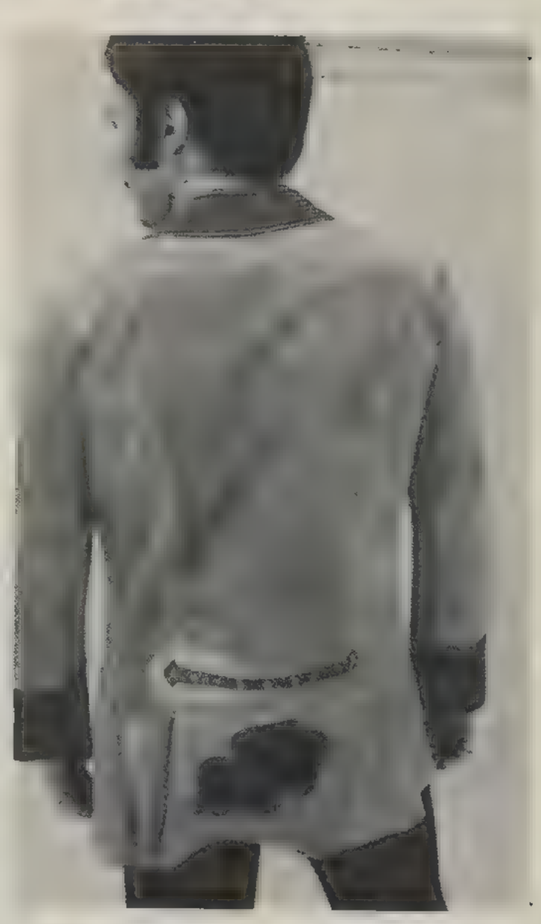


The feel for suède

Everybody feels for it. It's what to own, to wear like a second skin. . . . Right, a jacket of butternut suède, the backbelt, the flaps, overlaid with purple and black decorations. . . . From the fast becoming famous West Coast workshop of Miranda, 8804 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. . . .



Suède in the swimming pool, above, well, if it's to be as close as a second skin—in goes the chrome-studded black suède belt designed by Marsha Trina. Watch for the opening of Marsha's Manhattan boutique soon. . . .



Mysterious, beautiful, right, and below. A pullover of caramel suède with diamond inserts of palest moon yellow. And a bird of midnight black, curling, swooping from the back to the front. Fascinating. . . . From Miranda, 8804 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles. . . .



MAURICE HOGENBOOM





Le Weekend: ***Paris couturier Marc Vaughan's*** boxed up five of his ingenious designs—a complete weekend wardrobe in a compact canvas kit. Charlotte Simonin in, left to right, beige silk pants, beige and white ottoman top; white cotton and crunchy lace dress; white zibeline and organza dress. The little top with culottes. The works—kit and all, $400. S'fari Room, Bonwit Teller. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Wherever Mary goes, she finds her fashion



Because Mary Harari is one of those delightful, special people who finds something here, something there—and makes it all into something wonderful for Mary to wear.

It was on the Ivory Coast, left, that Mary found her ivory and metal slave bracelets. ***And in Johannesburg,*** she had her bronze-y metal earrings copied from some ancient ones she saw in Egypt. . . .

It was in New York, below, that Mary found this traditional Rumanian marriage dress—embroidered in scarlet, fuchsia, lavender, emerald, and gold. Mary wears it with shiny black boots to "dinners where everyone else is in her diamonds." . . .







CHARLES TRACY

And it was at La Grande Comore of the Camoro Islands (off the coast of Madagascar), in the local marketplace, that Mary, above, found the two lengths of sienna-and-saffron print cotton that she had made into a dinner déshabillé. . . .

And it was at the Electric Circus boutique, 23 St. Marks Place, left, that Mary bought the shaped, and passementerie-overlaid, weskit of thick home-spun beige burlap. Mary wears it backwards with black velvet Saint Laurent Rive Gauche pants.

The Burtons

(Continued from page 101)

his way up from similar hardships. Why Elizabeth Taylor regards *herself* as Jewish is another matter. I remember that at the time of her conversion there was some suspicion and consternation in the Orthodox community about why somebody should be trying so hard to get into what everybody else was trying so hard to get out of. (Actually, Elizabeth Taylor herself converted to Reform Judaism, which is more acceptable, but still not as acceptable as being Christian.) Never mind, I'm sure her conversion was for the best and most generous-hearted of reasons. Because Elizabeth Taylor is one of those rare human beings who acts out of love.

The evidence on this point is clear and abundant, not only in her interviews but in her lovely autobiography, which I have in my possession, bound upside down by Harper & Row—evidently she's unsettling to everyone. In it, there's a particularly poignant scene describing her last good-byes to Mike Todd. It's really very moving: she lying in bed, flushed and sweet with fever, he returning repeatedly out of some premonition that they're *too* happy. (It doesn't matter that the book is only another interview taken off a tape. I still believe it.) When she gets to Burton, the love begins to operate on a rather more stupendous scale as usual and becomes less touching than overwhelming. For example, she welcomes every grey hair because Richard caused it, she rejoices in being fat because Richard likes her overweight, she'd even be glad to live in a shack with Richard (in answer to the obvious, neither do most people know what it is to live in a shack). She'll rejoice in the loss of her beauty because at last she'll be able to give up everything and become purely and entirely Mrs. Burton. And remember, when this girl says everything, she means *everything*. Well, maybe she does exaggerate a little. Still it's something in this day to see a woman lay it on the line like that for love.

Elizabeth Taylor has other nice qualities. In that entire autobiography, she gives only one date (sadly, the date of Mike Todd's death). She's also a devoted friend, as her friends gladly testify—loyal, large spirited, totally without malice, and, as the rest of us know, with few furtive tendencies. She's generous about money: When Walter Wanger explained he couldn't give her a million dollars for *Cleopatra,* she said she'd do it for $750,000 and he thanked her and the two of them cried. She's fond of simple pleasures, such as being put on a budget, which she seems to enjoy almost as much as Marie Antoinette enjoyed playing milkmaid and, in the case of each husband, tells delightedly how they stay up all night *talking,* which is a child's pleasure, the kind of thing no one lets you do when you're little, a friendly reward for making love like a nice girl.

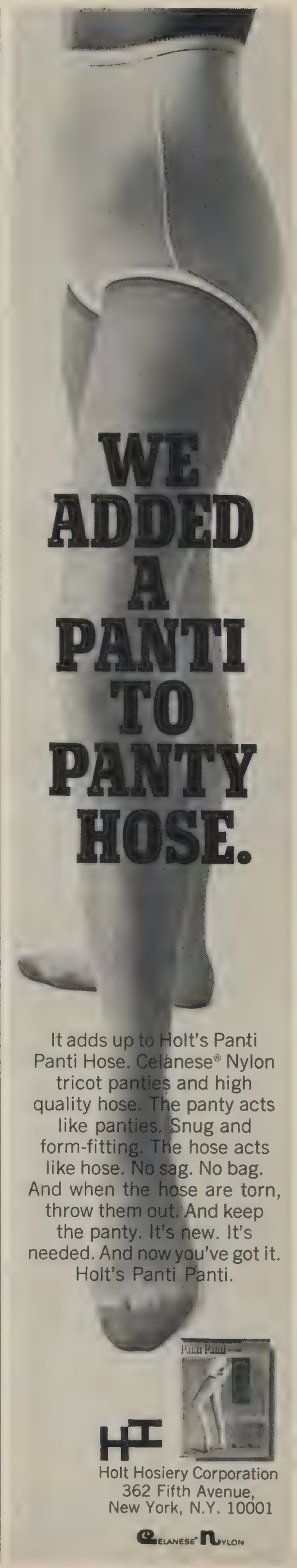
She's obviously a wonderful mother, too, conscientious, devoted to her four children, and with a capacity for mothering many more if her health permitted, which it certainly doesn't. But this is another large-scale mystery, those famous Taylor illnesses. Not only does the woman suffer an extraordinary number of afflictions, she catalogues them with the monumental patience of Job. . . . When my eye was almost gouged out . . . when I choked on my phlegm . . . when they almost amputated my leg . . . when the baby pushed my heart sideways several inches . . . during the course of my excruciating back operation . . . as I lay in my oxygen tent. . . . Is she the world's greatest hypochrondriac? Merely accident prone?

But then, this girl not only has an inordinate capacity for taking life as it comes, amazing for someone who's been cushioned off from what most of us would call reality since childhood, but also a thriving sense of humour. Here is the Taylor version of the first day she met Richard Burton on the set of *Cleopatra:* ". . . there was a lot of hemming and hawing, and he said hello to Joe Mankiewicz and everyone. And then he sort of sidled over to me and said, 'Has anybody ever told you that you're a very pretty girl?' And I said to myself, *oy, gevaldt* here's the great lover, the great wit, the great intellectual of Wales, and he comes out with a line like that. I couldn't believe it." Shortly after this, she demonstrated a nice little flair for *chutzpeh* of her own by divorcing Eddie Fisher for *desertion.* She also has a fine pioneer streak to her and seems to have been one of the first women to use filthy language in public. One could go on.

In fact, privately—if the word can be used in this connection—I'm sure that the Burtons are nice people with all the right impulses. A little too culture-vulturish for my taste, but then who isn't these days. Charitable, but not splashy about it—this is almost the only area in which they *aren't* splashy; kind to their dependents, not only their children but that whole entourage. Clued in to the right causes, in June, 1967, they cancelled their trip to Moscow out of sympathy for Israel in the Arab-Israeli War (meanwhile, Nasser has lifted his ban on her pictures—well, at least *somebody* believed she was Jewish); politically active, rather like the Paul Newmans, except that the Newmans were for McCarthy, and I believe that the Burtons, operating on a grander scale, supported Robert Kennedy; as patriotic as can be expected—when Taylor tried to renounce her United States citizenship and become a British subject, she insisted on crossing out the line that required her to abjure her allegiance to this country, and if this invalidated the document and seems to reduce the whole undertaking to a tax dodge, it's as much the Government's fault as hers, and anyway one of the few instances where the Burtons can be blamed for being devious.

Surely it's to their credit that they've been so open about themselves from the beginning, either wittingly or unwittingly, that two bystanders on the *Cleopatra* set were even able to write an entire book about their affair, giving a daily blow-by-

(Continued on page 149)



Rehabilitation

(Continued from page 98)

"I just wanted you to know that I don't care anything about you and never have. I am going out with every man that asks me. Sincerely, Your Wife." He said, "This doesn't bother me too much, we never got along. She's not much good but we have a two-year-old boy at home and I want to be sure he is taken care of." He was given a pass for the weekend and returned late Sunday night. When the doctor made his rounds on Monday he was flabbergasted when at head count there was one extra head. The soldier had his little boy in the bed with him. He said, "Doctor, you told me that if ever I had any problems to bring them to you. This is my problem." The doctor was a good doctor and thought fast. "You did exactly right," he said and then he arranged with the Red Cross to put the child in a foster home and called the Adjutant General to start separation proceedings. Eventually the soldier's sister took the child to her home and he went back to fight again.

You could have treated his back and his malaria forever but if you had not met this fundamental problem everything else would have been to no avail.

After the War, following the philosophy and principles in the Air Force program, the Veterans' Administration developed a comprehensive rehabilitation service in all the Veterans' Hospitals. Now they have a specialized rehabilitation service throughout the whole Veterans' Hospital system. It has saved thousands of men and millions of dollars. This program offers new hope for our severely wounded and disabled returning from Viet Nam.

The percentage of severely disabled Americans is very high. Due to the excellent medical care, those who would have died now survive. This is due primarily to the magnificent air and helicopter evacuation services, which average only seventeen minutes from wound to medical care.

However, it was learned very early after World War II that disabled civilians outnumbered disabled veterans by more than twelve to one. The ravages of disease and accidents in civilian life left an aftermath of disability that exceeded anything the war had done. So now, these rehabilitation principles developed because of the war are being applied throughout the country and in most parts of the world, for the care of disabled civilians.

"What chance do I have to be rehabilitated if I have a stroke?" two million Americans ask. If you have a stroke so severe that it permanently destroys the brain tissue to the point that you can't remember today what you learned yesterday, or if you have a heart so badly damaged that you can't take on the extra effort, dynamic rehabilitation is not possible.

Until the last two decades it was felt that if one had a stroke, that was the end. He sat in a rocking chair in the back bedroom or in a nursing home and waited for death to relieve him. This is not true today. A study of a large number of stroke patients at an average age of 63 with an average training time of seven weeks as hospital inpatients showed that 35 per cent of victims can be trained to do some kind of gainful work. Of these paralyzed patients, 85 per cent can learn to meet the needs of daily living so that they are physically capable of living comfortably at home.

I know of one Federal judge who has now been back on the bench for thirteen years, following a devastating stroke. He was not only paralyzed . . . he could not speak. He learned to walk and to talk again, and now, in addition to his work as a judge, he is head of one of the largest interfaith programs in the country.

With specially designed kitchens, disabled housewives run their homes and take care of their families from a wheelchair or on crutches.

Prior to World War II it was felt that when one's spinal cord was severed nothing could be done. In World War I there were more than four hundred such paraplegics as a result of combat. They were no problems then, for more than 90 per cent were dead within the first year. In World War II, there were more than 2,400. Of this original group, with modern rehabilitation training, 1,800 are living in their own homes, driving their own cars, and 1,400 are at work in competitive industry. Equally good results are being accomplished today with our civilian paraplegics.

A decade ago if one's neck was broken resulting in paralysis of both arms and legs, he was felt to be a hopeless invalid for life. This is not true today. Unfortunately, most of these accidents are in teen-agers and young adults. Diving, athletics, and automobiles are the primary culprits. A recent survey has shown that with meticulous comprehensive training, much can be done. A follow up study of 350 such cases seen in one centre over a five-year period revealed the amazing fact that more than half of these youngsters were back in college or at work in competitive industry. Roy Campanella is a good example in this group. Although he is still paralyzed in both arms and legs, he runs his business, appears on radio and television, coaches baseball from the sidelines, lectures, and makes a fine living for his fine family.

The victim of severe and crippling arthritis also can be helped in most instances with a combination of medical care, physical and occupational therapy, and restorative surgery. Many of these patients can go back to some type of gainful work and many surveys have shown they do an excellent job.

What is the secret? Why does rehabilitation work? The answer is a simple one. Our modern society today does not pay for strength. It really pays only for two things—the skill in your hands and what you have in your head. The average person in life today uses only 25 per cent of his physical capacity in daily living. But the blind man sees with his sense of touch and his super-acute hearing. The deaf man hears by reading lips with his over-compensated visual acuity. The man with the broken back has upper arm muscles that make the ordinary human being a weakling by comparison, for these are the muscles with which he walks. Put these individuals in a job where they can use their over-developed senses, and they can outproduce the so-called normal. Every survey, and there have been scores of them, has always shown the same thing. Properly trained and placed, the disabled have a better production rate, and nine times less labour turnover than the normal working side by side with them.

Physical wholeness and ability are not synonymous. You can be the fastest runner or the highest jumper in town and still not be able to make a good living. You don't need to be a great athlete in order to be the best lawyer, doctor, teacher, elevator operator, librarian, seamstress, or a thousand other businesses that include the Presidency of the United States. In our society, it is ability and not disability that counts.

Today there is truly new hope for the handicapped. And with new hope for the handicapped there can be new hope for this strife-torn world.

Rehabilitation knows no boundaries of race, creed, colour, or curtains. The world's handicapped and those who care for them can speak a common language. By speaking this common language, hopefully we can build at least one strong cornerstone in international understanding without which we can never hope for peace.

As little children sometimes lead us, so can the faltering painful steps of the world's handicapped lead us to new vistas of tolerance, dedication, love and peace.

The Burtons

(Continued from page 147)

blow account of it, and also containing the, to me, immortal tribute to their theatrical training: "They have matinées in her dressing room." Personally and tangentially, I shall also always admire them for never pretending to that spurious domesticity that seems to afflict most other cinema luminaries, like Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin. Never has Elizabeth Taylor been photographed with a mouthful of diaper pins as testimony to her *bona fides* as a good wife and mother, nor has Richard Burton looked on smiling as she whipped up a bunch of brownies, when it's clear that such a wife must congratulate herself every day on not knowing her oven from her burner. And if all the world has been given a peek into their boudoir if not their kitchen, it remains a moot point whether the public has been invited or forced its way in.

Maybe the real mystery isn't in the Burtons themselves, but in why people are so fascinated by them in the first place. Except that this is a booby trap too. Because the joke is: Although you're sure when you start thinking about the Burtons that what they don't tell you about themselves they'll at least tell you about the nature of our society, they don't do that either. Not unless you want to take a high-handed moral tone about greed and self-indulgence in these troubled times, which is not only tiresome and tends too often to reflect on the speaker but is more applicable to politicians than movie stars these days. Or maybe tax them with personal responsibility for universal suffering—also boring—like the lady who murmured to me the other day that she felt guilty about her Norell on account of Biafra (and, for that matter, my mother, who used to make me eat because children were starving in Europe). Or make the usual point about our changing sexual mores, a point much more richly illustrated by the life of any college undergraduate than the life of Elizabeth Taylor. Or fall into the equally dubious, and to my mind equally dangerous, aesthetic fallacy, that is: Would I find that diamond ring less offensive if her finger *weren't* fat?

By public fascination, of course, I do not mean the simpering prurience of the movie magazines or the gossip columnists, who from the start were so eager to crucify Dickenliz for merely doing openly and in nice surroundings what John Updike's *Couples* do every day on the sly. Nor do I mean the level of public opinion that registered horror when Elizabeth Taylor adopted a crippled German baby who would never have walked without her. This particular piece of moral indignation, by the way, even carried over to the baby's poor mother, who was advised by her neighbours to get sterilized, which not only tells you something painfully familiar about Germany and the provincial mind in general, but the kind of insane vindictiveness that's aimed against the Burtons in particular.

Lately this vindictiveness seems to have waned a bit—"There's no deodorant like success," said our heroine in one of her less felicitous metaphors. No, I mean the kind of general, more or less good-natured interest that keeps them faithfully reported in *The New York Times*. It can't just be all that money—though, I confess, it's dispiriting to realize that this famous marriage is as much about hard cash as about love. Besides, if it were only a matter of being terribly rich, we would all be speculating about the sex life of J. Paul Getty.

Nor is it their extraordinary fame, even given the fact that celebrity tends to inflame itself: Eleanor Roosevelt was able to stroll around town without causing a near riot. Nor, as in Norman Mailer's infatuation with the Kennedys, is it a question of identifying with power. The Burtons are not powerful except in a proscribed circle and in the sense of being able to give people who work with them an easy heartburn. They're not influential. Curiously, for movie stars, they don't even set styles. Nobody wants to dress like her or drink like him. Nor is anybody swayed by their opinions, which, considering their vast circulation, are ludicrously ordinary.

It's strange how the world changes and you don't realize that it has. When I was young, about ten years ago, the lives of the great were still assumed to have meaning outside of themselves. You didn't have to live like them, the point was that you couldn't. But they were models, the people who reassured you about the nature of aspiration. Not long ago, there was a lovely television program on Chekhov's letters, and I wept because I had almost forgotten what it was like to admire a writer for having consumption. But with these Burtons, what can you see in them that's anything more than what Gatsby called Daisy's love for her husband: "Just personal."

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 72-73; other views, yardages, details)



7293 7428

Far left: The shirt-tunic and pants. Vogue Pattern 7293. Sizes 8 to 16. For size 10 tunic and pants: 5⅜ yards of 35″ fabric with nap. $1.50. In Canada, $1.65.

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Tremaine Collection

(Continued from page 135)

outward. You can't imagine their fussing about themselves. Greeting you, it is you they focus upon. What they look at they see with fresh, questioning eyes. They are people alive to possibilities.

Mr. Tremaine told of their coming into New York by plane one day in perhaps 1960. They had arrived this way often, but this time they became particularly aware of the city, its glittering sprawl at a distance. It seemed a new, living thing, an embodiment of force. Later, as they drove toward midtown, the darting yellow taxis, the demanding billboards, and throbbing neon seemed to them emblematic of a way of life. After the sombreness of Europe, where they had just been, these things proclaimed America, her energy and directness.

What this affirmation meant comes clear when we realize that, in 1961-1962, the Tremaines acquired four Oldenburgs, two Rosenquists, twelve Lichtensteins, twelve Warhols, five Wesselmanns, and five Dines—a surprising number of them major works.

This kind of decisiveness is characteristic of the Tremaines. In the long run, it is more important in the making of a great collection, particularly a contemporary one, than the mere wherewithal. To recognize the genuine and new before it is established has become, in a sense, a Tremaine trademark. Nowadays, a number of collectors seem to operate in their wake. "What are the Tremaines buying?" is a question sometimes heard in New York's galleries.

The Tremaines wear their art-world fame gracefully. In fact, they are too busy to notice it. There is always a job to be done; whether it is a museum committee meeting, a visit to a well-known gallery, or one to a beginning artist's studio, the Tremaine air is businesslike. Nothing is done for effect, and the same keen attention is given to each pleasure or task.

Yet this very intensity contains an element of innocent casualness. For instance, the Tremaines are collectors of art, not of artists. They are moved by paintings and sculptures and concentrate on the works rather than on the men who made them. Sometimes, with the young whose work they are supporting, a name will slip out of memory. Indicating a work she admired, Mrs. Tremaine said without embarrassment, "I can't think of the artist's name just now," and went on to deal substantially and feelingly with the merits of the piece.

I don't mean to give the impression that the Tremaines have no close friendships with artists or avoid social contacts with them. Quite the contrary: Their sympathy with the creative impulse has made them natural friends to it wherever it is found. It is empathy that counts with them, the natural and spontaneous relationship, never the relationship contrived.

The Tremaines' residences perfectly reflect the owners. Nothing is shown off. Everything is integrated to serve a rhythm and style of life. Everything is comfortable and for use. Mondrian's "The Victory Boogie-Woogie" looks as if it had been painted for its particular wall of the New York apartment. The Pop Art bedroom in Connecticut seems to have been always there, a timeless fantasy. Other works have obviously been sited for convenience; other rooms have been subjected to change—but with intelligence, with a sure sensitivity to what the space and the surroundings allowed.

A secret of this success is that the Tremaines have in general a taste for works that create environment. But they are also alert to the art that requires special handling in order to come into its own. They are restructuring a room in their Connecticut house to accommodate the peculiar demands for lighting and space of a Robert Irwin painting they have recently acquired. Few collectors would be willing to go to this proper trouble.

I have referred to the businesslike, matter-of-fact character of the Tremaines. There is another side to them: They are enthusiasts, irrepressible adventurers. I will never forget a subzero morning in Connecticut when they showed a couple of guests part of their collection stored in a converted but unheated barn. Busy among the paintings, carting and lugging out giant works they had not seen in some time and exclaiming with delight, their breath coming in frozen plumes, they seemed entirely in their element —a couple of pioneers. While we blew on our stiffening fingers, they told us how this and that work had been found and decided upon. They were so forceful that, even in our congealing state, we relived moments of pure exuberance.

But this is to get ahead of the story. The Tremaine capacity for decision comes out of long diffidence and hard attention to things visual. "I could have been a Monet collector at twelve," Mrs. Tremaine said and told how as a child in Paris she made weekly visits to the museums and galleries with her mother and sister, guided by a French lady, a friend of Monet, who urged the purchase of a painting "for each of the children," a kind of souvenir. Monets could be had for a few hundred dollars in those days, but the real regret was in not having gone to the studio. Paris opened a world of visual delights to the girl that the woman speaks of with vivid candour. Art presented itself as something exalted, but also as a commonplace, the possession of every day.

There were always paintings in Mrs. Tremaine's life, and she studied them and reacted to them and thought how they themselves reacted to or transformed things. She saw them as elements of environment, not merely as objects. In due course, she began to acquire art; but her moment of truth—of conviction and commitment—when she knew a particular work was absolutely for her came with her purchase in 1936 of Braque's "The Black Rose." It was as if all her looking had prepared her for this revelation.

Perhaps there is a moment when taste is finally formed, when it ceases to be tentative and becomes authoritative, compelling. Her purchase of Braque marked Mrs. Tremaine's understanding acceptance of the modern movement. In only a few years, she moved forward with supreme confidence to acquire one of the grand masterworks of twentieth-century art, Mondrian's "The Victory Boogie-Woogie." Where others thought it might be great, she knew it was.

This was in 1944. The Tremaines think of themselves as having been relatively inactive as collectors during the war years, but the education of the eye must have continued. In 1945, they acquired several works of Josef Albers; in 1946, they bought a splendid Barnett Newman; in 1947, a fine Ad Reinhardt. Rapidly, their collection was becoming more contemporary, more daring.

In fact, this is the course the Tremaines have followed: Their collection has become younger on the whole as time has passed. It isn't that they have avoided established artists—these they have bought abundantly and discreetly—but they have been sensitive and sympathetic to experiment (and sensible, too, in support of the new, as few have been). Reversing the normal pattern for collectors, of an increasing conservatism and gilt-edged safety, they have matured into the avant-garde.

The Tremaines' prescience has been remarkable. Name an artist of interest who has developed in this country since World War II, and he is likely to have had the support of the Tremaines early on. I have mentioned the Pop artists; I can add Rauschenberg, Johns, Stella, and Poons, and more recently Robert Irwin and Richard Tuttle.

This does not exhaust the list by any means; it is a sample merely. For instance, I could add the names of half a dozen sculptors. But I do not wish to imply that the Tremaines have been buying everyone; they haven't. On the contrary, in some ways their interests have been simplifying and refining. They have been showing a partiality for the reduced or "cool" image, for pattern, regularity, and other

(Continued on page 152)

IN PRIVATE SERVICE

By Henry John Andrews



Henry John Andrews, prodigious butler

My mother had been in private service in England, and all her family and the family before them. Nowadays, the young don't understand that it is not degrading to look after the welfare of another human being. I have never been a cringer, and if I've touched the forelock it was for someone respected. If there have been any difficulties, we found a straight talk would settle everything, and if you let others see your point of view, they're likely to come to an understanding.

I was brought up, with two brothers and three sisters, in Norfolk. Nearby, at the Grange —a beautiful house of dark-red brick with beautiful round chimneys—lived Sir William Foster, and he was one of the gentlefolk of the county. The Fosters at the Hall used to produce everything for themselves—had their own dairy and made their own butter and all. Naturally, they had lots of separated milk—not skimmed milk, separated milk. And, as children, we were allowed to go down to collect this milk for nothing—they gave it to us—but my mother always used to emphasize to me that, as I walked by the house, I was not to stare in the windows.

In 1924, I left Norfolk for a position outside London as a hall boy with Mrs. Howard Bligh St. George, an American lady with a famous father, Mr. George F. Baker. The hall boy had to look after the other servants and see their meals were on time and set on the table in the right way. I had been doing this for only six months when I was made the second footman. I was excited about this. Money didn't seem to matter at all; everything came down from Harrod's. The first gentleman I had to valet was Lord Bective, later Lord Headfort, and when I went into the bedroom at early morning with his tea, to my surprise, his lordship opened one eye and said: "I'll have my Eno's Fruit Salt."

Mrs. St. George was very Victorian, tall, with a strong masculine voice, and in 1925 wore large hats. Her long hair was auburn, almost carrot coloured, and when it was washed she asked for four cans of soft water: two cold for rinsing, and two to be in copper jugs to be heated on the stove. She had quite a menagerie of her own: a Great Dane called Lion, beavers from America down in the pond, an enormous tortoise half as big as a dining table, a toy bull terrier; and we had to take raw meat down to the glass houses for the tiny alligators.

Mr. Baker, a real country gentleman with grey side whiskers, corduroys, and English tweeds, would visit his daughter every two years for about six weeks. He was very generous; and whenever he left, Mrs. St. George was given a brand-new Rolls-Royce. Mr. Baker would arrange that all the staff in the house, right down to the hall boy and scullery maid, would have at least £5 ($25) each, and in those days this was a marvellous sum.

Because Mrs. St. George didn't like travelling in the fog, during November she stayed at the Ritz Hotel in London, and it was the duty of the footman to go up with boiled rice and milk, and sand to clean the cage of the tiny marmoset Mrs. St. George carried about with her.

After two and a half years with Mrs. St. George as second footman, I had an opportunity of taking a first footman's place with Mrs. Frank Bibby at Belgrave Square. Mr. Jones, the butler, was a real Victorian. I have seen him iron out pound notes so that they would be perfectly straight when Mrs. Bibby used them and, when she wanted change for a pound, go to the pantry and get out the monkey soap to wash all the coins.

After some time, I applied as match footman (the same height as the existing footman—for it would look a bit odd, especially in the drawing room, if one livery fitted better than another) to Lady Wimborne in Arlington Street. I had seen the butler, who said I was quite satisfactory, but he then said her ladyship would have to give her approval, and I was taken into the front hall to await her ladyship. She came down the front staircase and looked me up and down, but not a word was spoken. I was shown through below stairs and told I had failed. I had to be six foot—I was five foot nine.

I went eventually to Lord Revelstoke as first footman in 1928. Here, there was a big staff and good wages, and I received £60 a year (at the rate of exchange then the wages amounted to $300). The best service was expected. The staff for this one bachelor gentleman consisted of a butler, valet, housekeeper,

(Continued on page 152)

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Tremaine Collection

(Continued from page 150)

lucid structures and devices, as opposed to gestural or expressive art. This does not mean they have lost their enthusiasm or respect for work purchased in the past that may not conform to their current concerns. The point for the Tremaines is that their art is part of themselves, the tissue of their lives. In a past so rich and fruitful, there is nothing to be repudiated, everything to be enjoyed—and there is everything to be shared.

The Tremaines have always been notably generous in lending from their collection to museums and other institutions. They have felt an obligation to demonstrate art's relevance—indeed, its crucial importance—in the scheme of common life. They have brought design and art to their business offices and factories. They have commissioned architectural projects of public benefit, for instance, the resort at Meteor Crater, Arizona (first conception by Frank Lloyd Wright, final plan by Philip Johnson). As early as 1947, they sponsored a project to encourage the collaboration of artists and architects. Mrs. Tremaine, who serves on the International Council of The Museum of Modern Art, a body that circulates exhibitions on a world-wide basis, also serves as Art Director of the family company. She gives unstintingly to the large cause of art and to the small one.

The Tremaines are contemplating the future of their collection even as it continues to grow. In time, they intend it to be of maximum use, to confer the broadest possible public benefit. They have rejected the idea of enshrining themselves in the collection or of tacking it on to a museum in the form of a marble wing and so tying it down. They don't want any of it to disappear into the cellars of a Great Institution. Use is their aim.

With use in view, they have conceived the notion of a " 'lending library' of works of art of the highest calibre," so that "through the lending-library principle rather than the outright ownership of these works of art by any particular museum or gallery or other institution, a relatively continuous exhibit of the works of art may be possible." The idea is to serve the needs of museums and of the public, to send a Rothko or a Picasso where one is lacking and to make it visible for as long as it is needed in the borrowing institution, but to make the work available elsewhere if and when the resources of the borrower overcome or otherwise resolve the deficiency. The Tremaines hope that such a program can be developed so as to have a wide bearing internationally and the support of a broad base of collectors. For the Tremaines, the success of the venture depends upon the willingness of others to deposit important art works with the governing organization, The International Art Foundation. What they don't want is a private preserve.

Do the Tremaines always agree? They are tolerant of their differences, indulgent of one another's enthusiasms. "Personally, I don't see it," Mr. Tremaine may say, deadpan, "but Emily likes it, and she's always right." In fact, these two have an exquisite sympathy that the visitor senses at once. The splendid collection represents both of them, yet is unified. It is as if it reflected a single sensibility, a single intelligence. Their give-and-take is a shared understanding.

In Private Service

(Continued from page 151)

cook, first and second footmen, odd man, first and second kitchen maids, scullery maid, and first, second, and third housemaids. Lord Revelstoke could be difficult about the things he asked for—crisp bacon, for example—and he was very particular about his silver gilt, but I considered he had a right to have the proper thing.

Lord Revelstoke had a large house in 3 Carlton House Terrace—four reception rooms and everything else. He had a lift in the house, but that was only for the master and his housekeeper. Lord Revelstoke lived at the top of the house; to go up to his room there were 103 stone steps. I, as first footman, had to take his breakfast up; and I would take the tray with all the cold pieces on, and then I'd come down and I'd go to the kitchen and collect the toast and boiled egg and the hot water and all that sort of thing. You had to be there by nine o'clock sharp on the dot.

There was quite a ritual when Lord Revelstoke went out to dinner. You'd hear the lift bringing down his lordship while the valet had to race down the 103 stairs to be in the hall by the time the lift arrived. The valet would then hand the scarf and coat, the tobacco pouch, cigarettes, gloves and top hat, and then proceed to the front door where the footman had to see his lordship out to the car. One afternoon Lord Revelstoke had to go to Buckingham Palace, and it was a violent, windy day. He was in frock coat and top hat, and I had to take him down to the car, holding up with both hands the huge umbrella over him; he put his hand on my shoulder, and his top hat blew off. He chased it all around Carlton House Terrace. The butler, standing at the front door with the valet, quite enjoyed the joke.

Lord Revelstoke was really for discipline: He liked everything absolutely correct. At one dinner party we had walnuts for dessert; and Lady Reid, Lord Revelstoke's sister, was sitting on his right. When she was handed the walnuts, she said: "Oh, but the nutcracker's on the dish the wrong way. It's this way for large nuts, and this way for small nuts." Lord Revelstoke took no notice until the nuts were handed to him, and he called the butler over and said: "Harvey, the nutcracker's on the dish the wrong way. It's this way for large nuts, and that way for small nuts." I don't think he had known that until Lady Reid told him.

Mrs. Rupert Beckett, a tall lady with dark skin, was quite a frequent visitor to Lord Revelstoke, and it was just dinner for two on those occasions. Often I noticed Mrs. Beckett coming up towards our front door, and we were in readiness for her; but if it was five minutes to eight, she would turn about and go around the block until it was on the stroke of eight o'clock. It was just as bad to be too early as to be too late. These little dinners were served on a small table in Lord Revelstoke's morning room. When coffee was over, the three footmen (I was one of them) were told not to disturb his lordship any more for the night.

One advantage of being in service is that, as soon as you've finished work, you're off out. London was lovely, and I'd go for walks in the parks, cycle down to Kingston, or go to the matches at Chelsea or Fulham; you could get in for a shilling. A second footman's salary was a pound ($5) a week, and you were well off.

At the time, it was still my ambition to work my way up from being footman to being a grand butler. You went out to church on a Sunday morning in top hat and morning coat. You had your own bedroom and sitting room, and the junior footman looked after you. You had the same food and drink as your employers, and all the work you had to do was, when the senior footman came to you to say that the luncheon had been laid, to inspect the table and go to the drawing room to announce luncheon. It was the same with dinner in the evening.

But Lord Revelstoke died in 1929, and I was getting married in May of that year. When Lord Revelstoke's brother, Major Maurice Baring, the novelist, asked if my future wife and I would like to go to him as a married couple, we agreed to go. No. 18 Cheyne Row seemed such a small house after Carlton House Terrace, and we found Major Baring quite different. A devout Roman Catholic, he lived simply when alone. His bedroom was absolutely bare: He always slept on a camp bed, and nothing would change him. He looked so uncomfortable on it. But he was clever, humorous, and a very good host, entertained a variety of guests, and

had sometimes hilarious parties.

Once Mr. Desmond MacCarthy, a frequent visitor, arrived an hour late for dinner, saying that he'd been asleep; he was quite oblivious. Sir Harry Preston, the proprietor of the Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton, always came along to the pantry at the end of dinner and said: "Thank you, my boy," and gave me half-a-crown. Mr. Hilaire Belloc was a great friend of Major Baring's, and coming to luncheon one day he brought with him his silk topper and asked me if I'd tidy it up for him. He had not worn the hat for sixteen years, and it was in a dreadful condition. I got out my brush, and stood by the open fire and brushed and aired the hat until my arm nearly dropped off. When Mr. Belloc eventually saw the hat he did not recognize it, and I had a tip of half-a-crown for my services. Often, as his guests went down to dinner, Major Baring would play his favourite tune, "Calla Herring," on his barrel organ brought from Malta.

One day in 1929, when the Duchess of York, now the Queen Mother, was about to come to lunch—a party of eight—Major Baring's valet got overexcited and, coming down the stairs too quickly, sprained his ankle. Major Baring rang up Lady Diana Cooper and gasped: "What can I do? Wilkins has sprained his ankle."

"I'll send Holbrook over."

While Wilkins was downstairs, Holbrook met with many surprises at the table. Unaccustomed to the round-handled knives, each time he touched one it rolled with a clatter on the floor. But the Duchess did not show any surprise in those deep, Mediterranean-blue eyes.

In 1929, Major Baring took Half Way House, Rottingdean. Dame Ethel Smyth often came to stay. She wore her long, straight hair pulled back in a bun and was always heavily dressed—in tweeds, not fine clothes—no style, but long dresses straight like a bell. I think I've seen her with a man's cap on. One morning Miss Makins, the housemaid, said to me: "I've lost the old girl's 'coms': I can't find them anywhere." We both searched, but it was a long time before they were found behind a door in a bathroom.

When Dame Ethel left on the Monday morning, she asked if someone could carry her suitcase to the bus stop about two hundred yards away. Dame Ethel said she did not want a taxi as Major Baring had arranged. I told her I would see her to the bus. She was most grateful and, while we waited, she said to me: "I would like to give you a tip, but you're too much of a toff for what I can afford, but will you accept this?" and gave me half-a-crown—which I much appreciated.

After his fiftieth birthday, Major Baring determined to celebrate every year by jumping into the sea at Rottingdean, fully clothed in evening clothes, and swimming fifty yards. On one of his birthdays I prepared for this little excursion by putting out his oldest dress clothes. At midnight, without warning his guests, he dashed out of the house down to the sea, and you can imagine the state he was in on his return. I took his suit and put it in the bath, and ran cold water on it to get all the salt water out. The shoes—of course, one could only dry them slowly. I dried and pressed the suit next day, and Major Baring, thinking I couldn't possibly have the evening clothes ready, said for a joke to me: "I'll wear the same evening clothes I had on last night."

I replied: "You can, sir, but not your shoes," to which he burst out laughing. When Major Baring laughed, it was a hissing noise. He seemed to put his tongue between his teeth and blow.

Major Baring was full of kindness. The gardener was smoking in the garden one morning and saw Major Baring approach, so he nipped his cigarette out. Major Baring said nothing at the time, but next day he went out with a full packet of cigarettes and gave them to the gardener and said: "I saw you put out your cigarette yesterday." This, I thought, showed he had appreciated the respect the gardener had for him.

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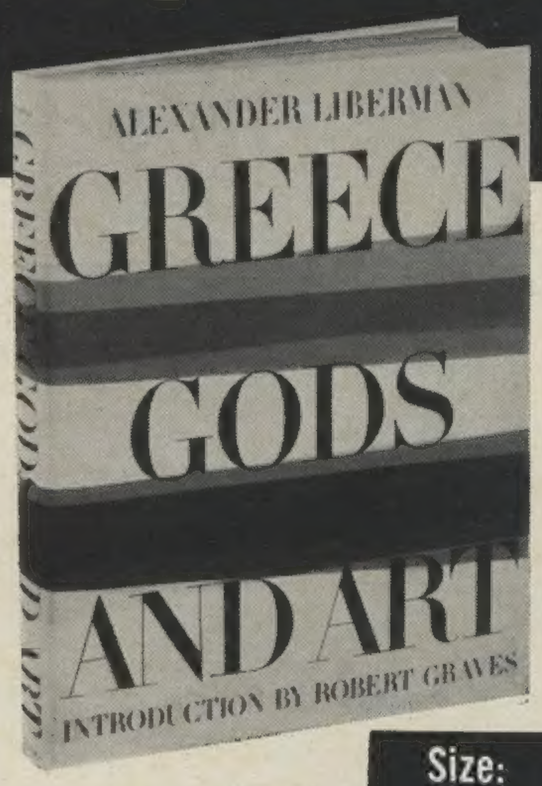
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The skin around you

(Continued from page 104)

hastens the regeneration of cells." . . . In the skin line, it is far better to have too much moisture than too little.

Any skin, even the oiliest, benefits by some degree of moisture-loss retardation. A good percentage of a healthy skin should be moisture. As the body ages, both the sweat and sebaceous glands begin to decrease activity significantly, less moisture surfaces to mix with less skin oil and act as an emollient, keep skin soft. . . . Beyond age, physical environment is often a moisture robber. Cold weather congeals skin oil within pores, prevents free spreading of lubrication. Air conditioners and steam heat dry the atmosphere. The woman who takes care enters combat against any factors lowering her "water table." Moisturizers under makeup by day, emollients by night, and more of each as the years pass and creams cease to be moisture supplements, become absolute moisture requirements. After washing, she rinse-rinse-rinses (thirty times is the dictum of one famous skin specialist) to keep to a minimum soap's alkaline deposits, which work against moisture-holding elements inside the top layer of skin. Her foundation makeup assumes more than cosmetic value; it sets up one more barrier between her face and unfriendly elements. . . . And a humidifier (or lesser measures such as a vaporizer or pans of water on radiators) improves the skin-keeping ambiance of her winter house.

Tension, anxiety, strain can make skin old at any age. To "nerves" much eczema, hives, allergic reactions, itching, and numerous other face-spoilers owe their unloved existence. The functioning of blood vessels, like that of the sweat glands, is controlled by the automatic nervous system. And what the blood vessels and the sweat glands are up to is of great moment to the skin. (Which may be why the smoothest skins seem to belong to the smoothest operators.) If she's given at all to the self-distrust that's one of the prime generators of tension, the constructive skin-keeper heeds such easier-prescribed-than-followed advice as: Live one day at a time. Remember that few things are all black or all white. Alternate periods of massive effort with total, mindless, couldn't-care-less collapse. Possibly the most fetching counsel doctors hand out to patients with tension-caused skin ailments goes along the line of: Be a spectator at the play, not a performer in it.

Diet enters the skin-keeping picture to this extent: It should be balanced. But is it? Smart skin-keepers keep track of their intake of this-versus-that. And above all, when it comes to food, they bear in mind that wild weight fluctuations are, next to sun, the single most important wrinkle-developer.

Discipline is the word that sums up the life style of skin that stays young forever. Disciplined avoidance of what's proven guilty in the skin trial. Disciplined adherence to what's proven great. Early-starting fidelity to a face-saving program that alters only when one's inner mechanics sing out that it's time for a change. Constant awareness that nature makes skin an ideal subject for assistance. It renews itself, but more slowly as it gets older. Its renewal can be quickened by all the exfoliation systems available, by cleansers and creams and stimulation that not only slough off the old cells but speed production in the factory making the new cells. . . . By the spirit that compelled one woman, whose skin has seen more than fifty years but rivals a twenty-year-old's, to say just now, "I would give up my taxis before I gave up my weekly facial." . . .


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the no-stocking stocking color
by Berkshire
dramatic
provocative
sensational in Berkshire's miracle fiber stockings and panty hose / ultrason® agilon®
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